The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ - - Editor.

DEMOCRATS TURN OUT.

Democratic meetings will be held at the following places:

Farmers Mills, Wednesday evening,	Oct. 26.
Murray's School House, Thursday evening,	Oct. 27.
Madisonburg, Friday evening,	Oct. 28.
Brumgard's School house, Miles Twp., evening,	Monday Oct. 31
Tusseyville, Saturday evening,	Oct. 29.

J. Spangler, C. Bower a nd others will be present and address these meetings. Every Democratic voter, citizen and tax payer is requested to be present and hear a fair and open discussion of the issues of the present campaign, so that he may know how to vote intelligently at the coming election, Tuesday Nov. 8th.

The last dodge is to try the license dodge against Grove. It won't pan out worth a cent, and is so silly that we think it scarce worthy of notice.

Commissioner Greist had outstanding duplicates collected amounting to $25,000, which freed the county from annually paying hundreds of dollars on borrowed money. Vote for Greist in November.

The farmer who wants to rebuke the trick that killed the revenue bill, can have that satisfaction on the 8th of November next by voting against the Republican candidates. Centre county lost $7000 by that trick.

The number of rifle balls discharged by the German troops during the war of 1870-71 is estimated at 20,000,000. In killed and wounded the French army lost 140,000 men or thereabouts. Thus only one bullet in 143 found a billet, and, as only about one hit in seven was fatal, it required 858 rifle bullets—say a volley from a good, strong battalion—to kill a man. If allowance be further made for the loss inflicted by artillery and cavalry, it may be assumed that not more than one rifle ball in a thousand was fired with deadly result. Estimating the weight of the rifle ball at one ounce, it appears to have required 62½ pounds of lead to kill a man—not far short probably of half the average weight of the French soldier.

This is not quite as heavy as the shots fired at the Democratic county nominees, by the Republican mud batteries which shoot out about a ton a week against each of our candidates and nobody killed yet.

The crazy and cranky element in the K. of L. convention, is at a discount, and did not succeed in wiping out Mr. Powderly, who was sustained by a large vote. An exchange remarks, Master Workman Powderly stands up bravely to the work of breasting the tide of radicalism which if permitted to have full sweep would soon carry to destruction the organization of which he is the head.

His firmness of purpose and determination not to permit the convention to be led astray by cranks and hare-brained theorists have of course made him many bitter enemies, who are not slow to avail themselves of every opportunity of revenge.

The latest manifestation of spite against Powderly was the attempt to pass a vote of censure upon him for his alleged exhibition of unfaithfulness to the organization in calling off the strike of the Chicago pork packers last November. After a heated discussion which lasted several hours the resolution of censure was defeated and another sustaining his action in this particular case passed by an overwhelming majority.

The Republican managers of the county are politically drunk and bewildered staggering around wildly, now making their attack upon this Democratic nominee, then upon that one, shifting around to see where a weak spot can be found.

They found Noll invulnerable, then pitched into Kimport; next one of their organs pitched into our good commissioner Greist, like a thousand of brick, but the people only laughed. Then they went for Rupp and Morrison, and soon found these solid with the people, and now they are shifting around and trying their pop-guns against Grove, and firing liquor license wads against our nominee for associate judge. They will soon find their firing against Grove sheer idleness, and then make their last desperate effort against Michael S. Fiedler, one of our nominees for commissioner, and wait to hear the returns, which will be a heavy broadside from the ballot boxes against the lies and petty slanders that have been forged against Noll, Kimport, Greist, Grove and Morrison, and overwhelming majorities testifying to the worth of these gentleman.

Democrats do not listen to the roar backs of these slang whangers, and give the entire ticket your support, men of better characters are not to be found in the county than the Democratic nominees.

DON'T BE FOOLS.

Taxpayers of Centre county don't be fools and be mislead by the noisy clatter which is made to place the control of the county in the hands of men who are after lucre and nothing else.

The affairs of the county have been admirably managed by Democratic officials, and better housekeeping can not be shown up in any county in the United States.

Strict economy has been practiced in all expenditures.

Outstanding tax duplicates amounting to thousands of dollars have been forced to payment, which were looked upon as a total loss—a dead horse—by all.

The indebtidness of the county has been wiped out followed by a reduction of taxation.

Voters, do you approve of such a showing? What has been done by the Democratic commissioners that you can find fault with? When was there more faithful service rendered by public servants to the people?

A. J. Greist has been the head and front of all this admirable management in the affairs of our county. A few lying demagoges, who seek plunder, want Mr. Greist out of the way, so they can make a haul, and for this purpose alone are making a noise and clatter against this faithful public servant.

Re elect Mr. Greist, and elect his colleague. M S. Fiedler, and the commissioners office will be in safe hands for the next three years.

THE STATE CAMPAIGN.

Within the past two weeks, says the Pittsburg *Post*, the State campaign, quiet as it is, has put on an entirely different outlook from what it had in mid-summer. Then the election of the Republican State ticket was assumed to be a certainty. Now, grave doubts are arising, and the brethren are much perturbed in spirit.

Governor Beaver's administration has not been a success. The most important legislative measure of many years—the revenue bill—was allowed to fail, either by reason of corrupt inducements or criminal carelessness; and the governor seems unable to make up his mind whether or no to call an extra session to atone for the crime or repair the blunder Republican leaders are pulling and hauling both ways, while the corporation influence, so powerful in the Republican party, is unquestionably averse to an extra session. The corporations desire immunity as long as possible from the equality of taxation provided for in the revenue bill. But the fact that the people are taxed and corporations exempted as to certain matters; that the State treasury has suffered to the extent of a million of dollars; and the county treasuries to a like amount because of this exemption has made the Republican party, its bosses and managers, very odious to the people. The effect on the November voting begins to be regarded with apprehension.

In Philadelphia and Allegheny county, where the Republican party gets its State majority, everything is far from lovely. There are dissensions and feuds in the party; the bosses, especially in Philadelphia, are quarreling among themselves; the independent is reappearing in politics; the grand and lofty tumbling of the Republican leaders on the temperance and liquor questions has produced a plentiful crop of personal liberty societies and alienated the German vote without conciliating the Prohibitionists. The defeat of the Republicans in Philadelphia is talked of as extremely probable. In other counties their majorities will be much reduced.

On the whole Pennsylvania politics is in a decidedly mixed condition to-day. The unexpected is likely enough to happen; and by the unexpected we mean the success of the Democratic State ticket. We suppose it may be said to rest with the Democrats themselves. If they bring out their vote they will win.

From Ohio comes intelligence that Foraker's chances for re-election are slim and that prospects are greatly in favor of the election of a Democratic governor. Foraker, the great snubbed, is in danger of getting a much bigger snub from the people of Ohio than he got from Mrs. Cleveland. Foraker is a blatant demagogue and made a fool of himself and the people of Ohio know it and no longer want a fool for their governor.

The situation from reliable Democratic figures would indicate that Powell will be elected, as well as the entire Democratic ticket, and that Sherman will succeed in carrying the legislature, and Governor Foraker be laid on the shelf, all on account of his tendency to celebrate himself in print and before men.

A. J. Greist inaugurated economy in the commissioner's office. Give him your endorsement at the polls for it.

The *Gazette* is trying to make a little capital against Morrison by sneeringly alluding to his being a cripple.

KICKING CANDIDATES.

A candidate who submits his name to a party convention for nomination does so with the understanding, expressed or implied, that he will abide by the decision of that convention.

The county ticket presented by the late democratic convention of Dauphin county was fairly nominated and every candidate who permitted his name to go before that convention is in honor bound to support his nominees.

The *Patriot* never took any stock in kickers, recalcitrants or retromingents of any breed whatsoever and it does not and will not countenance that sort of political "independents."

The above is from the morning *Patriot*, of 13, and suits Centre county as well as Dauphin. A man who promises to abide by the decision of his party convention then goes back on his promise, is a miserable specimen of humanity and a baby.

It remains to be seen whether the Republican State administration will move on Jay Gould's works by proceedings to prevent the telegraphic consolidation in this State. We all know what Pattison and Cassidy did in the matter of the South Penn and Beech Creek Railroads—but there is a different order of men now at the head of affairs. The constitution of the State declares: No telegraph company shall consolidate with or hold a controlling interest in the stock and bonds of any other telepraph company owning a competing line, or acquire by purchase or otherwise any other competing line of telegraph."

Edison's new invention, the phonograph, will be placed on the market in a few days The inventor claims that the machine will do away with type-writers and stenographers, as a letter can be talked into it, and the paper receiving the impression can be sent to the correspondent, who by running it through another phonograph can hear the contents read off.

It strikes us the fair sex will set their heads against such a machine, because there's danger of its recording and repeating all their gossip, and that would never, never do.

A. J. Greist is one of the best commissioners this county ever had. He has been faultless in the discharge of his duties. Through his efforts the indebtedness of the county has been wiped out—for this alone he deserves the support of every honest voter. He has favored economy in all the county's affairs and striven to curtail expenses.

These facts can not be denied. It would be an outrage not to elect Mr. Greist. Mr. Fiedler, his colleague upon the ticket, will stand by Mr. Greist in all his efforts to properly manage the affairs of our county to the best interests of the taxpayers. Vote for Greist and Fiedler.

The Philadelphia Republicans are in a bad stew, ranks all torn with quarrelings. Bets are largely in favor of the Democrats carrying the city and electing their Sheriff over the candidate of the ring. In other parts of the state things do not look harmonious for the rads, and if the Democracy do their duty, we will down the ring bosses.

Voters, do you wish to be taxed for a new court-house? You have only to defeat Greist and Fiedler for commissioner, and you put the county in the hands of the party that will build a new court-house. It is only a short time ago that Judge Furst recommended a new court house, but the Democratic commissioners were ferninst it.

The Bellefonte *Republican* boasts of the prosperity of that town. Glad of it, but didn't the *Republican* predict ruin if we got a Democratic administration, under which, now, there is genuine prosperity over the land.

Taxpayers through A. J. Greist's efforts, the heavy debt that once hung over our county was wiped out. Would it not be ingratitude to vote against Mr. Greist?

Dr. Musser of Aaronsburg, an uncompromising Republican, is said to have turned in warmly for Grove, and will ot travel by any other Rhoades.

The story that an attempt was made to wreck the presidential train, at a lonely spot in Arkansas on last Saturday, is not true.

Cook, the rad candidate for sheriff has started a little scheme of trading off Rhoades to make votes for himself.

Taxpayers if you don't want to be taxed for a new court-house, vote for Greist and Fiedler for commissioners.

Wonderfully cute—the rad organ changes from a campaign of lice to one of lice-ense.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula and general debility cured by "Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher."

A BRAVE MESSENGER.

He Kills Two Train Robbers and Saves His Express Matter.

EL PASO, Texas, Oct. 16.—The meagre reports sent from here Friday regarding the attempted train robbery gave but a fraction of the tale. The Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio express, which should have started east yesterday at 4:30 in waiting for the Southern Pacific train from the west. Engineer Lohrer says that when his train had gone about a mile two men, wearing cloth masks, came over the tender with a revolver in each hand. The engineer tried to stop the train, but the men ordered him to run on to a curve and stop quick. When he reached the curve he supposed they meant, five miles from the city, they ordered him and his fireman to get off the engine, and took them back to the express car. The robbers in the meantime were firing off their revolvers and shouting and cursing. Reaching the express car one of the robbers threw dynamite against the front door on one side of the car. The explosion knocked a large hole in the door and broke out the glass in the other doors. The robbers called the express messenger to come out.

The messenger was J. Ernest Smith, and with him was J. R. Beardsley, clerk in Wells-Fargo office at Fort Worth. When they heard the firing they put out the lights, and went to the rear of the car. At the command of the robbers they came out, Smith leaving his revolver just inside the door. The robbers ordered Smith and Beardsley to hold up their hands and searched them. Smith was then ordered to go back into the car and light the lamp. He climbed back, and the foremost robber started to follow. Smith seized his pistol, laid it almost against the robber's breast and fired, sending a bullet through his heart. The robber fell back dead, but fired twice at Smith while falling. Smith and the other robber also exchanged shots. The robber attempted to get his comrade's body on the engine, intending to uncouple it from the train and run on. While he was trying to lift the body on the engine, the messenger got his shot-gun, leaned out of the window and shot at him. The robber sank down, then sprang up and ran out of sight. Less than 50 yards from where he was shot, lay the second robber, dead. An examination showed that only one buckshot had struck him, that it entered the front side of the left shoulder and cut the artery just above the heart. The train returned to this city; the express car was repaired, and the train went on, Messenger Smith remaining in the city.

George Francis Train in St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 17.—George Francis Train arrived in the city yesterday and delivered a lecture on "How to save the republic from revolution, bloodshed and anarchy." In the afternoon he registered at the Southern hotel this way: "George Francis Train, from (Cock) Roche town," which is interpreted as a reflection on Chicago and her mayor. He was very severe on Chicago. Then he added: "For fourteen years I have sat on a bench and played with white rabbits, but now I am a roaring lion." He proceeded to roar for free speech, and said if the people here would grant him free speech he would make his home in St. L[illegible]

Belva Lockwood Organizes a New Party.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 15.—The convention of social reformers presided over by Mrs. Belva Lockwood in session here the last few days, has organized a new political party, adopting a long platform and naming a national committee. The name of the organization is the "Industrial Reform Party." Another meeting will be held in Washington Feb. 22. The platform embraces an extraordinarily large range, including woman suffrage, prohibition and government ownership of transportation and telegraph lines. Among the participants in the convention was George Francis Train.

Buffalo Anarchists.

BUFFALO, Oct. 17.—The indignation meeting at Turn hall, called by the united German trades to protest against the execution of the Chicago anarchists, was attended by about four hundred. A street parade preceded the meeting. Four transparencies with the words "We protest," many times repeated, were carried. Fiery speeches were made by Anarchist Steiher, "No. 14," and others. Resolutions were adopted declaring the execution of the court's sentence a "murder, which, if consummated, will result in reprisals in every city of the land."

To Wind Up the Mormon Church.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—A dispatch from Salt Lake, Utah, says: "Ex-Senator McDonald of Indiana, arrived here Saturday night, one day behind Judge James O. Broadhead of Missouri. These distinguished lawyers have been retained by the Mormon church to defend suits instituted by the government for the dissolution of the church and the immigration association. and the winding up of the affairs of these corporations. The first hearing in court will occur on Monday, when a receiver for the church property is to be appointed.

Persons sending packages by mail should be careful how they are wrapped up. Under the new regulations under the law of 1887, they are not permitted to have printed or written on the outside of the package anything except the address and the name and address of the sender preceded by the word "from," and the number and names of the articles enclosed. Any other printing or writing on the outside of the package makes it subject to letter rates. No advertising matter of any kind is permissable on the wrapper of fourth-class matter. In the inside or on the tag or wrapper may be written or printed a single mark, number or letter, for the purpose of identification. In the inside of a package may be included any printing giving descriptions, directions for use or other information respecting the articles contained in the package. Merchants are not allowed to send out samples of goods with their business cards printed on the wrappers.

——By paying for the REPORTER in advance, you get it for $1 50 per year. Those who wish to avail themselves of this offer, had best remit at once.

DEMANDS HIS LIBERTY.

Anarchist Parsons Writes a Letter to Governor Ogiesby.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—The following is an open letter to Gov. Oglesby, of Illinois:

To His Excellency, Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of the State of Illinois.

DEAR SIR: I am aware that petitions are being signed by hundreds of thousands of persons, addressed to you, beseeching you to interpose your perogative and commute the sentence of myself and comrades from death to imprisonment in the penitentiary. You are, I am told, a good constitutional lawyer and a sincere man. I therefore beg of you to examine the record of the trial and then conscientiously decide for yourself as to my guilt or innocence. I know that as a just man you will decide in accordance with the facts, the truth and justice of this case.

But I write to reiterate the declaration made in my published appeal to the people of America on Sept. 21, 1887. I am guilty or I am innocent of the charge for which I have been condemned to die. If guilty, then I prefer death rather than to go "like the quarry slave at night, scourged to his dungeon." If innocent, then I am entitled to and will accept nothing less than liberty. The records of the trial made in Judge Gary's court prove my innocence of the crime of murder. But there exists a conspiracy to judicially murder myself and imprisoned companions in the name and by virtue of the authority of the state. History records every despotic arbitrary deed of the people's rulers as having been done in the name of the people. I am a helpless prisoner and completely in the hands of the authorities; but I strongly protest against being taken from my cell and carried to the penitentiary as a felon.

Therefore, in the name of the people, whose liberty is being destroyed, in the name of peace and justice, I protest against the consummation of this judicial murder, this proposed strangulation of freedom on American soil. I speak for myself. I know not what course others may pursue, but for myself I reject the petition for my imprisonment. I am innocent, and I say to you that under no circumstances will I accept a commutation to imprisonment. In the name of the American people I demand my right—my lawful, constitutional, inalienable right to liberty. Respectfully yours,

ALBERT R. PARSONS,
Prison cell 29, Chicago, Ill., Oct. 13.

SHOT AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

Banker Rawson, Fatally Wounded by His Young Stepson.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—Stephen W. Rawson, president of the Union trust company, was shot and mortally wounded by his stepson, William Lee, or Slaymaker, shortly after noon yesterday. Mr. Rawson had been in attendance at the morning service in the Third Presbyterian church, of which he is a member, and was just emerging from the church porch to walk to his residence at 496 West Monroe street when young Lee, who is about 18 years of age, advanced from the edge of the sidewalk, where he had awaited the appearance of Mr. Rawson, and apened fire on his stepfather with a self-cocking revolver. As the church is one of the most fashionable in the city, the sidewalk was thronged with worshippers on their way home, and terrible consternation was produced by the murderous attack. Young Lee was the coolest person among the three hundred or more within range of his pistol, and he kept on firing until he had discharged five shots at his victim, who sank to the ground fatally wounded. Lee was then seized and disarmed and in a few minutes was in charge of the police, while the wounded man was borne home unconscious.

The tragedy is the outcome of a curious domestic complication which has figured very largely in the courts and newspapers during the past year. Stephen W. Rawson, about 48 years of age, a member of the Illinois Club, and a wealthy and well-known capitalist, being a widower with one child, in March, 1886, married Mrs. Meckie Lee, a blooming, handsome woman of 34 who had already been divorced from two husbands.

Twenty Robbers at Bay.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Oct. 17.—Fully 200 men started out Saturday morning after the robbers who murdered the Rev. Thos. P. Ryan, near Walton, Roane county, on Thursday night. After the house was robbed and the old man was shot the robbers, thirteen in number, compelled the family to send him upstairs and to get breakfast for them. The officers and citizens found the robbers at George Duff's house, eight miles from Slaosnville, and were warned to keep off by the robbers, who had taken refuge in the house. The murderers were fired upon, and George Duff, jr., was killed. "Jake" Coon was captured and lynched. Five of the officers and citizens in the battle were wounded. There are about twenty robbers in the gang. R. M. Duff, George Drake and Frank Shambling are prisoners awaiting the verdict of the vigilance committee. Coon is the man who killed Mr. Ryan and shot five of the vigilance committee.

State Politics.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 16.—The democrats of the fourth Albany district have renominated John T. Gorman for member of assembly. The republicans nominated John H. Hulsapple.

The democrats of the first Albany district have nominated F. W. Conger for the assembly.

The republicans of Schenectady county nominated the Hon. Austin A. Yates for member of assembly.

New Jersey Nominations.

CAPE MAY, N. J., Oct. 17.—At the republican county convention Dr. Walter S. Leaming was nominated for the assembly and Andrew J. Tomlin for surrogate.

EGG HARBOR CITY, N. J., Oct. 17.—The republican convention of Atlantic county nominated James B. Nixon, of Atlantic City, for the assembly; Smith Johnson, of Galloway, for sheriff; John S. Risley, present incumbent, for surrogate, and Dr. R. Seey, of Egg Harbor township, for coroner.

The Chatsworth Accident.

PONTAIC, Ill., Oct. 15.—For the past week the Livingston county grand jury has been investigating the case of Timothy Coughlin, who was held responsible by the Coroner's jury for the Chatsworth railroad disaster. After hearing all the evidence the charge was ignored, the evidence not being deemed sufficient to find a bill and Timothy was released from jail and went to his family rejoicing.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A jury having been obtained in the Blinky Morgan murder case at Ravenna, O., the trial will proceed on Monday.

Joseph Schlemmer, of Jersey city, who murdered his child wife, Aug. 1, has been sentenced to be hanged Dec. 14.

J. C. Baird & Co.'s bank, at St. Charles, Ill., was robbed Friday night, the burglars securing $10,000 by blowing open the safe.

Patrick Donnelly, a laborer, forty-five years old, was run over by a railroad train at Saugatuck, Conn., and instantly killed.

Judge Gary, of anarchist trial fame, was nominated by acclamation by the "silk stocking" wing of the democracy at Chicago.

Typhoid fever is reported as raging at Iron Mountain, Mich., where over 100 patients are suffering and deaths are from 1 to 7 daily.

The hotel known as the Paine house, with a large stable and all the outbuildings in North Ausonia, Me., was destroyed by fire Sunday night.

Thomas Moffett, a mechanic who had been some weeks out of work, hanged himself at his residence, No. 1,314 Heath street, Philadelphia.

Robert Giles, colored, was hanged on Friday, at Dallas, Tex., for the murder of Albert Williams, also colored. He confessed under the noose.

Fred Snow, a young man hailing from Maine, hired a team Friday at Jewett city, Conn., to go to Baltic. He did not return, and has been arrested at Williamantic, Conn.

The banquet of the Home Market club, of Boston, the new organization for protection, will take place at the Vendome on the 19th. William Frye will deliver the address.

A farmer named Lawrence Dolan, aged 45, of Pleasant township, Cass county, Maine, was fatally shot during a quarrel by a young man named Dolan, his next neighbor.

A freight train of the Baltimore and Ohio road was derailed at Tiffin, Ohio. The wrecking train sent to clear the track killed an unknown man at Deshler, Ohio, crushing his skull.

Three outlaws, Leech and Trainer and a companion, name unknown, were shot on Friday in Indian territory. Last week they robbed and burned the village of Oakes in the territory.

Ah Gung, a Chinaman who killed a white woman at Alta, U. T., a few days ago, was arrested Friday night at Rock Island, Ill., and is on the way back for trial. He confessed his crime.

While out on the lake in company with a small party on the steamer Lotus near Peoria, Miss Carrie Worthington, daughter of ex-Congressman N. E. Worthington, fell overboard and was drowned.

Two burglars who had entered the Tivoli mills, Cohoes, were attacked by Joseph Gould, the night watchman. After a terrible fight with them, in which he was badly injured, they escaped.

A girl named Hattie Woolsteen, of Los Angelos, Cal., after killing Dr Harlan, who was the cause of her ruin, put the body in a barn and set fire to it. Harlan's body was burned beyond recognition.

A meeting of coal miners from Belleville, Ill., district was held in East St. Louis last night and they decided to make a formal demand on the operators for an advance of 12½ cents a ton for digging.

A special grand jury has been summoned by Circuit Judge Field at Valparaso, Ind., for Monday, the 17th inst., to sift the matter of the Koutz accident. No pains will be spared to bring the culprits to justice.

The American Secular union has begun its annual convention in Chicago. Mr. Cortlandt Palmer, of New York, presided, and Secretary S. P. Putnam read an address showing the rapid growth of the organization.

Coroner Ashbridge, of Philadelphia, began an investigation on Friday last, in the case of Mrs. Reitz, who was supposed to have been poisoned by arsenic placed in eggs for rats. The case was continued for chemical analysis.

A test well at Ithica, N. Y., bored in search of gas, is now 2,000 feet deep, the last 250 feet being in a salt deposit not yet penetrated. It will be carried 600 feet deeper. Ithacans anticipate great profit from the production of salt and soda.

While the schooner, A. McNichol, Capt. Walter Libby, from Boston, was at Booth bay Saturday a small boat was taken in tow. The captain, Melvin Holmes, and Elbridge Foster got into the boat to bail it out, when it capsized and all three were drowned.

The democrats in the first eastern district of Wayne county, N. Y., have nominated Miss Nellie R. Cooke, of Wolcott, for school commissioner. She will make a personal canvass in every town in the district and may make a few campaign speeches.

The English company, at present building the London and Southwark Subway, have submitted a tender to the dominion government to complete the subway under Northumberland strait, dividing Prince Edward Island from the main land of New Brunswick.

Wong Chin Foo, a Chinaman, on his entry to Canada last week, was appraised, tagged and taxed by custom officers and condemned to pay $50 duty. He protested loud and long. He had to pay it or return to the United States. He very reluctantly handed over the desired amount.

The Rev. James Burn, a missionary who has labored for years in the lumber district west of Ottawa, Canada, has been admitted into the Catholic church there. The ceremony took place at the college of Ottawa and was largely attended. The clergyman's conversion has caused a decided sensation.

Joseph F. Orr, a prominent merchant of Wilkesbarre, Pa., has been arrested, charged with arson in connection with the burning of his store. He furnished bail to appear. He says the charge originates with an insurance company to prejudice his suit for insurance. Auld, the officer, who made the arrest, was held on a charge of perjury.

J. M. Azpeitia, lately a tax collector at Regla, Cuba, where he is charged with embezzling $8,000, was brought before the United States commissioner at Key West, Fla., for extradition, but was discharged on the ground that the commissioner had not competent jurisdiction. Azpeitia says the money was stolen from him and has been paid by his bondsmen.

From the Ball Field to the Stage.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 16.—It is announced today that Mike Kelly, the famous baseball player, has signed a contract to appear with the McNish, Johnson & Slavin minstrel. He will act as interlocuter and his contract calls for his appearance after his return from California in January, 1888.

A New State Bank.

ALBANY, Oct. 16.—Bank Superintendent Willis S. Paine has authorized the bank of Chateaugay to transact a general banking business under the state laws with paid-up capital of $50,000.

Song.

O gay skies of winter!
O how my heart longs
For the warm airs of April,
Its green elms and songs!
O come, O blithe swallow!
Sing, brown thrush, O sing,
Our woodlands to wind-flowers!
My heart longs for spring.
For spring my heart's longing;
O come, booming bee!
My heart pines for sunshine,
Bring life's May to me!

With stream white and frozen
To stillness and death,
With boughs brown and lifeless
I long for spring's breath,
O May, whose dear whispers
Bright laughs and leaves bring
With them my heart's longing
And pining for spring;
My frozen thoughts weary,
My numbed fancies long
To dance through the sunshine,
And laugh into song.

O happy South! lingers
Our dear one with thee?
Swift, swift haste her hither,
Our gladdener to be!
O send her the silver
Of daisies to bring!
With cuckoos' soft name-calls,
Haste hither, O spring!
Our orchards are bloomless,
Our woodlands are dumb,
Till, sister of summer,
Thou, joy-bringer, come.

A GOOD CATCH.

"Mr. Ainsley Arburthnot" was the name beautifully engraved on the elegant visiting card which a servant presented to Evelyn Ogden, as she stood before a tall pier-glass, admiring the sweep of her white satin train, and the wave of her glossy black hair.

"You are ready, I suppose, Sybil?" she asked, with a disdainful glance at her shy little cousin, whose modest toilette of wine-colored cashmere hardly suited Miss Evelyn's elaborate taste.

"Oh, yes!" Sybil answered, promptly. "I have been ready for some time."

"Why don't you put some white lace around your neck?" Evelyn asked, critically. "You look so — oh, so plain."

She was going to say countryfied," but repented of that and amended her speech.

"I have'nt any lace," Sybil said, frankly.

"I'll lend you my fichu," said Evelyn, less in a spirit of generosity than in a wish to have Sybil look semi-respectable.

"Thanks," was the gentle reply, "but I would rather not borrow any fine feathers, Evelyn, dear. Don't mind me. I couldn't look anything but plain if I tried, and it will suit me better to creep into a quiet corner where no one will see me. I can enjoy your triumphs, cousin, for I am sure you will have them. You look beautiful to-night."

"Do you think so?" said Evelyn, with a conscious glance toward the mirror. "I am so glad this dress is so becoming. Mr. Arburthnot adores white."

"I almost wish I hadn't said I would go," observed Sybil, looking down at her own plain dress. "I am afraid I shall disgrace you, Evelyn. I don't even know how to behave, for I never heard of a progressive-angling party before."

"Oh, it's simple enough," said Evelyn, buttoning her long gloves. "There will be a lot of tubs, or punch-bowls, probably and we will all have gilt fishing rods and lines, with hooks on them. The fish are hollow and have prizes inside. We all fish for them, and nobody knows what he is going to get till the fish are opened. There is to be a gold ring in one to-night, they say. It will be like wedding cake. But you needn't worry, Sybil; I'll tell you what to do."

Sybil was not worrying. She was perfectly quiet—in fact, so much so, that Evelyn fancied her brilliant escort would not be at all pleased with this unexpected addition to their party.

Sybil had come to the city to try and get a position as a teacher, and Evelyn did not fancy taking her out in society; but Mr. Ogden had a tender feeling for his sister's child, and commanded his daughter to show her all the honors due to a distinguished guest.

"My cousin, Miss Weir, Mr. Arbuthnot," said Evelyn, presenting Sybil to the gentleman who awaited them in the parlor.

Ainsley Arbuthnot's keen eyes had swept in an instant over the white satin gown, with the mental observation:

"Overdressed!"

They rested now upon the slender, little figure in the soft, rich-colored cashmere, and they lighted with genuine admiration.

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Weir," with that quiet yet impressive manner which is such a valuable gift.

Sybil murmured something, but her eyelids fell before that magnetic glance.

How handsome he was, and how perfectly self-possessed! It was no wonder that Evelyn was always talking about Ainsley Arbuthnot.

He was rich, too, they said, though Sybil thought very little about wealth, save as some far-away thing which she would probably never possess in all her lifetime.

The "progressive angling" went on at Mrs. Bayard's house, where Sybil felt as though she were in fairy-land, among flowers and fragrance, and parti-colored lights, that shone on a crowd of elegantly-dressed men and women, who moved about in a scene of rare beauty and splendor.

"Must I fish too?" Sybil asked, nervously, as she looked shyly at the superb cutlass bowls, in which artificial gold-fish were swimming in perfumed water.

"I would rather not."

"Don't be afraid," said Arbuthnot, kindly. "They all make botches of it."

"Aren't you going to fish, Arbuthnot?" called out an exquisite youth, who wore a primrose and an eye-glass. "It's no end of a lark, 'pon honor! It's such fun to see those stupid little tin things wiggle!

"It is, really?" said Arbuthnot, with impertuable gravity, while the speaker began to dangle his absurd little line in the water.

"Do you know what that makes me think of?" he continued, in a low tone, which only Sybil heard. "It reminds me of a definition which I once heard given for a fishing rod—'a stick with a worm at one end and a fool at the other.'"

Sybil broke out into a merry laugh, which made Evelyn turn around to see what the fun was.

"Won't you try now?" said Mr. Arbuthnot. "There are not very many people at the table."

"Yes," said Evelyn, sweetly; "let us try now, by all means. Do you know, Mr. Arburthnot, there is to be a german after the fishing, and we ladies have to fish our partners out of yonder bowl?"

"How momentous!" Arburthnot exclaimed. "I hope heaven may be kind to me."

Evelyn smiled at him, and Sybil, having a sense of being in the way moved toward the table.

"Come, ladies!" cried the youth with the eye-glass. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever yet were caught."

"Allow me!" said Dick Travers, a brother of the hostess, to whom Sybil had been presented, and she found herself in possession of one of the gilded willow rods, which were gaily adorned with bows of ribbon.

She cast in her line, and almost immediately the others were cast alongside.

"I am fishing for you, Miss Weir," said Dick, boldly. "I want a good partner, and you look as though you danced divinely."

"I am very fond of it," Sybil said, modestly; "but I don't know much about the german. I think I should be almost afraid to try."

Evelyn frowned and bit her lips. What a fool the girl was!

"Why, Sybil!" she said, pettishly. "You are fishing on my side. I want that little fat fish. I'm sure he's got something nice in him."

"You are welcome to him, I'm sure" said Sybil, abandoning her game very pleasantly. "I'd rather have that slim little fellow. Perhaps he hasn't anything in him, and then I shall be allowed to look on."

"Aha!" cried Dick, whose skilled hand had hooked up the first fish. "What have we got here? No. 17. Amy, what is No. 17 — gentleman's prize?

"You dance with Miss Irwin," said Mrs. Bayard, putting a box into her brother's hand.

Dick Groaned.

"Never mind," said Arbuthnot, laughing. "We are only going to have six figures. Let us see what we have got."

Dick produced a very pretty leather pocket-book, which they were all admiring, when Miss Evelyn's cry of triumph riveted attention on herself.

"I've got him!" she exclaimed, lifting the fat fish out of the water.

But great was her chargin when she found that it contained no prize at all, and the name of somebody whom she did not like.

"I'm afraid I shall not catch anybody," said Sybil, who found it quite difficult.

"You don't go at it right," said Dick, "Drop your hook down deep, and then bring it up slowly — this way. Try the little fellow over there. That's right. Gently now. There — aha. What did I tell you? That was well done, wasn't it, Ainsley?"

"Excellent," said Ainsley. "Open him—do. I am consumed with curiosity."

Sybil obeyed, laughingly, expecting nothing.

"By Jove!" Dick cried. "She's hooked the gold ring."

Sure enough, inside of the slim little fish lay the shining band which every one coveted.

"It is like the Arabian Nights," she said in astonishment. "How pretty it is!" And see this French motto inside — 'Mariau femme, l'aune portrait.'"

"That means you will be married in a year," said Arbuthhot, smiling into her shy, little, flushed face.

"I don't think that's likely," Sybil replied. "But I never dreamed of getting the ring. I wonder how I ever happened to."

"There is no great mystery, as I can see," said Evelyn, with a disagreeable laugh. "A brother of Mrs. Bayard's ought to be able to prompt one effectively."

"Miss Ogden," said Dick quickly, "I hope you do not think I knew where the ring was?"

"Oh, of course not," was the sarcastic rejoinder. "Ah, Captain Clyde, is this you? The music is playing. I suppose we may as well go into the ball-room."

Dick Clyde smothered an exclamation as he turned to Ainsley with a curious look.

"You have not finished yet," he said.

"There is plenty of time," Arbuthnot answered. "There is Miss Irwin, Dick. She looks appealing."

"You always have your own way, Ainsley," Dick said, resentfully, and went off to find his partner.

Sybil and Mr. Arbuthnot were left alone by the table.

"Aren't you going to fish?" she asked.

"No. I am to lead the german, and it is my peculiar privilege to choose a partner. Will you dance with me, Miss Weir?"

"Oh, Mr. Arbuthnot, I shall disgrace you."

"I will run the risk," he said, offering his arm, which she took shyly. "How pretty that ring looks on your hand! Do you know I have a strong desire to put it on with a wish?"

"Well, I have'nt any objections," said Sybil, blushing faintly.

So Ainsley took her small white hand, and put the ring on it.

"It will come true in a year, if it comes true at all," he said. "Now, come! The german begins at ten, and I must tell you what figures I have chosen."

Everybody wanted to know who that quiet little thing was who danced with Ainsley Arbuthnot; and the next day Dick Travers brought a friend to call. He found Evelyn Ogden alone in her glory.

"Miss Weir has gone out to hunt a place," she said viciously. "She wants to teach school, I believe."

"Ah, you don't say?" said Dick's companion, who was the youth with the primrose. "Do you think she would take me for a pupil; I am not much on most things but the fellows say I am the very duce at geography."

A month slipped by, and Sybil went home disappointed. It was the wrong time of year, they said. She might get a place in the fall, but there was none vacant now.

"I'm afraid I'm not of much account, Aunt Hannah," she said, despondently, as she sat by the little old study-lamp, thinking it all over. "I might as well have stayed at home, and not spent the money going to town. Indeed," she added, with a sigh, "it would have been a great deal better."

It was an odd answer to her observation, that there came there just at that moment a ring at the bell, which brought her face to face in the doorway with Ainsley Arbuthnot."

"I have followed you," he said, holding the hand which she gave him. "I found that I could not be happy away from you, and I came to ask, Sybil, whether I might not stay with you always?"

"Come in," she said, leading him into the parlor, where only the firelight shone. "Excuse me" she added hastily, "I will get a lamp."

"This will do," he said, detaining her. "I like this best. Sybil, you know what I came for. I love you. Will you marry me?"

She was a natural girl, without any art or coquetry, and she answered him out of her heart:

"Yes."

"Then my wish will come true," he said, lifting her hand and kissing it where the gold ring spaned her pretty finger. "Do you know what I wished darling? The ring said that the year would bring you a husband, and I wished it might be me."

It is needless to say that Sybil did not look for any further position.

"She ought to be satisfied," said Evelyn Ogden, when she heard of the engagement. "It is astonishing what good fortune some of these plain girls have. Mr. Arbuthnot is the best catch of the season."

TALES OF FORREST.

The Rough-and-Tumble Manners of the Confederate Cavalry Leader.

The following interesting incidents in the army life of General Bedford Forrest were witnessed by an eye-witness, and now for the first time published:

In December, 1862, General N. B. Forrest crossed the Tennessee river and made a raid through West Tennessee, which portion of the State was fortified in many places, all of which were strongly garrisoned. While making a feint against Jackson (to enable the larger part of his brigade to uninterruptedly capture the small stockades on the railroad) a staff officer galloped up to the General and exclaimed excitedly:

"General, General, the Yankees are coming up in your rear!"

Without a moment's hesitation and in the most indifferent manner imaginable Forrest replid:

"I don't kere a —— ——. I'll about face an' I'll be in thar rear."

While crossing the Tennessee river (returning from this same raid) his rear was strongly pressed by the Federals. The ferry-boats had to be pulled back and forth by hand. The weather was terribly cold and as the men hauled upon the wet ropes their hands would literally freeze to them. Forrest thought those on the east side were working too slowly and crossing over he immediately put everyone to work—officers as well as privates.

The colonel who had been left in command on the west side sent his sergeant major across the river with an important message to Forrest. The sergeant found the General hauling on a rope, alternately encouraging and damning every one near him. He ran up to Forrest, and began:

"General, Colonel Woo—"

"Damn Colonel whoever-he-is, Ketch hold of this rope and help pull the boat in!"

"But, General, Col—"

"Don't talk to me. Help pull this boat in, or I'll throw you in the river." shouted Forrest.

"But, General, I'm sent—," began the sergeant, when Forrest seized him, and with one twist of his muscular arm lifted the messenger clear off his feet, and stood him up in the water waist deep. The sergeant, to save himself as he went over, seized hold of Forrest's coat, and pulled the General in with him. Forrest retained his hold of the sergeant, and, exclaiming, "Spunky dog, eh!" he soused him under the water and held him there a few seconds; then lifting the sergeant's head above the water long enough for him catch his breath, he would shove him under water again, and again bringing him up, would repeat:

"Spunky dog, eh!"

After immersing the sergeant several times, Forrest helped him ashore, when the latter, half strangled and coughing, tried to draw his pistol. Forrest gave him two or three slaps on his back to help him expel the water from his lungs, saying at the same time:

"You d—— little fool, don't you know your pistol is wet, and won't fire?"

A Very Frenchy Fable.

We translate from a French paper the following fable: Four flies were in quest of a breakfast. One found some jelly and regaled himself. The jelly was not genuine and the fly turned upon his back. The second fly, seeing the sad-fate of his friend, resolved to eat plain bread. But there was so much alum in the bread that he, too, turned over and breathed his last. The third fly attacked a glass of beer, but the aloes laid him out cold. The fourth fly, seeing that every thing eatable was tampered with, resolved to commit suicide. He found some German fly-paper on which was inscribed "Death to flies." He partook freely, but the more he ate the better he felt. And this German fly exclaimed: "Every thing in Germany is adultered," and he stuck to fly-paper and lived to a good old age.

—W. J. Gordon announces that he will trot Clingstone against Jay-Eye-See or any other horse now on the turf.

STRANGE POISONS.

The Deadly Results of Decomposition in Animal Tissues.

Among the investigations and discoveries of modern science there is perhaps no subject of more interest or far reaching importance, in a general as well as in a medico-legal sense, than that of ptomaines, or that series of newly discovered poisons — cadaveric alkaloids—which are evolved from the decomposition of animal tissue. Francesci Selmi, of Boulogne, in 1880—who was perhaps the first to discover, or at least to publish an intelligent account of these poisons—applied to them the term "ptomaine," as indicating that they were of cadaveric origin, i. e., arising from the decomposition or putrescence of animal tissues. More recent investigations, however, seem to prove that they may also be developed as a result of normal tissue change in the living animal, or even from the dejecta or excretions of the living organism. The attention of the studious public has been in the past few years attracted to this subject with justifiable curiosity and interest. The reason for this is that the ptomaines, at the same time that they are such deadly poisons, are naturally developed in the cadaver or dead body, or in any dead tissue in about forty-eight hours after death, and further, that upon analysis they give the same reactions as do the most powerful alkaloidal vegetal poisons. Since these facts became known they have been eagerly seized upon and used effectively by clever lawyers in the defense of their clients in murder trials both in this country and England.

It is impossible by any known chemical processes to definitely determine these ptomaine poisons in medico-legal cases of poisoning, for instance, as they give, as before stated, the same reactions of tests as are given by the principal and most powerful vegetal alkaloids. One can readily imagine a case in point that might arise at any time as a test medico-legal case of murder or suspected murder by poisoning and in which might be involved the guilt or innocence, the life or death of the accused. For if after forty-eight hours or thereabouts subsequent to death we are able to evolve from the tissues or organs of the corpse a poison that will answer to all the tests of the main vegetal alkaloids, and which has been evolved in the tissues of the natural results of decomposition, we have surely lost our criterion and the tests are of no avail. Conversely, it is patent to every one what a wide field this leaves open for the hideous work of the criminal poisoner, and the almost certainty of his escape from justice.

The chemical characteristics of these ptomaines so far known are that they occur generally amorphous in form and alkaline in reaction, they are unstable and volatile or easily alterable; that they form crystalline salts with acids. When exposed to the air and allowed to oxydize from the basic form they emit very disagreeable cadaverous or putrescent odors; but in their combination with acids forming salts their odors are generally changed, resembling that of the orange, violet and musk.

Upon the exhibition of a poisonous dose generally injected under the skin the following toxic symptoms rapidly ensue: Dilation of the pupils, muscular relaxation and flaccidity, with loss of muscular contractility and cutaneous sensibility, disturbance of the heart's action, paralysis of the hinder or lower extremities and convulsions. They possess much the same poisonous action as muscarin and atropin. They all have a strong power of reducing potash ferrocyanide and answer to the same color tests as do the vegetable alkaloids, such as morphia, atropia, hyoscyamine, aconitine digitaline, etc.

These poisons are found under the following conditions:

First. — As constituents of normal juices or tissues, they occur in human and animal saliva, in snake poison, which differs from human saliva only in the intensity of its strength and action, and in normal as well as abnormal urine. Several of the ptomaines have been obtained from these three sources by different chemists, particularly Gautier, of France.

Second.—They occur in constituents of the urine of patients suffering from progressive paralysis, interstitial pneumonia, abdominal typhus fever, in tetanus or lockjaw and in miliary fever, as proven by recent observations of Selmi.

Third.—They are developed largely in bodies or dead organic matter as a product of decomposition. These facts have been abundantly corroborated by different observers.

The symptoms of irritation of stomach and bowels, after reaching a toxic character, resulting from the ingestion of bad foods and meats, sausages, stale fish, cream puffs and the like, are doubtless due to the generation of these poisons in the favorable conditions for their development found in the alimentary canal. The ptomaine alkaloid called tyrotoxicon, found in stale cream puffs, which has in a number of cases in this city caused very alarming symptoms and death, is developed from the decomposition of the casein of the cream or milk or butter used in making the cream puff, and these doubtless coming in their turn from swill fed cows.

These investigations have opened up a field for scientific research that cannot fail to have a marked effect upon the general health of every civilized community. It requires no great amount of perspicacity to observe that our high figure of mortality, particularly among the children, in the summer months may be, and undoubtedly is, due to the development of one or more of this series of ptomaine poisons in the prepared foods and the milk supplied to bottle fed infants, which may have come from diseased and swill fed animals; to say nothing of the thousand and one sources of similar poisoning by stale or so-called prepared or potted meats, fish, game, cheese, sausages and the like, and in the pastries of the character of cream puffs, etc., that endanger the life of an adult.

—A Gentlemen's Driving Club has been organized at Springfield, Mass. Mr. Elliott is the Secretary, and George D. Nelson the Treasurer.

FASHION NOTES.

—Children still mostly wear the blouse dress. The bodice is a loose fit, and falls over the short skirt, which is generally trimmed with tucks or flounces. Very pretty frocks of woolen etamine in colored stripes running across are made thus. In some models the blouse-bodice opens in front over a chemisette of red or buff surah.

—For a jabot, much admired, when placed on one side of a velvet-striped cloth pointed front, cream silk gauze is used, finely chained-stitched all over with gold and silver or colored silks. The effect is delightful. On the side opposite these the jabot material of the dress is brought down lengthwise in tiny folds tapering to the waist.

—We notice a new style of pocket-handkerchiefs, elegant though simple; they are of white cambric, with the edge scalloped out and embroidered in button-hole stitch with colored cotton; in one of the corners, close to the edge, there is a square of colored cotton of the color of the edging, on which the initials are embroidered in white.

—The new firm but self corded silks, made into glove-fitting bodices in jersey fashion, are stylish and pretty accompaniments for dressy skirts of other material. They fit far better than any jersey of plain stockinet, and have all the elegant appearance of the regular silk-web jerseys, while costing very much less than these in price.

—Plain, long foureaus are to be worn this fall, made of velvet, plush, cloth, and even cashmere. For the latter considerable braided velvet will be used—a great deal for the trimming of the cloth or cashmere it will ornament. The front of the skirts, in bands edged with gold braid and plaitings, will be made of cloth striped with the velvet instead of lace.

—Ribbon still continues a favorite substitute for tuckers of any kind, and you can buy, ready for wear, sets of collars and cuffs made of picotedged ribbon, folded in half, a bow in the centre and on each side. Upstanding collars if made of ribbon are covered with lace, with small deftly made bows in front arranged from woven squares of bordered silk.

—A number of really beautiful embroideries have been brought out for evening gowns, and at reasonable prices. These are worked on mousseline de soire and on crepe lisse. The designs are mostly Watteau motiffs, with pretty Pompadour flowers in scrolls and beads interwoven, and others have tinsel threads here and there. Most of them are all cream or white, or any of the fashionable colorings, while in others the flowers are in their natural tones.

—The rare and exquisite lace gowns which appear are beautiful enough to tempt the eye and heart of the strictest mother superior, and they are fit for the wear of a queen. There is no danger that these superb toilets will lose their charm or popularity for seasons to come, for no sooner does the taste for certain designs and styles become the least tiresome than scores of other novel and still more beautiful devices appear, which again render them impossible to pass by without a purchase.

—A pretty innovation in ladies' card-cases is one of Russian leather or crocodile skin, in which is inserted a very small watch; the gold pencil-case which serves to fasten the case is also the watch-key. Parisian ladies think this is a very pretty trick for noting the time spent in a call without having to take out one's watch, which proceeding is not considered good form. It is easy, while trifling with one's card-case, just to glance at the watch, and then one need not fear giving too much of a precious afternoon to one dear friend.

—Black is to be used to trim everything, and a great comfort it will be to small purses, for it allows a black hat, umbrella, gloves and boots, and does away with countless accessories as necessities. Dark silk dresses are even now veiled with black point d'esprit and caught up with loops of black moire ribbons. Corsages are cut V-shape, very low in the back, less so in front, but a rushing of tulle reaches to the throat, where a high, stiff collar of black moire frames in the head most becomingly.

—The new fur is the Monfion an excellent gray fur. It is brighter and far more silky than the imitation gray fox sold last year, and lasts better than real blue fox, which is costly and will stand but little wear and tear. Monfion is made into boas and plastrons, for the fur plastrons are newer and more becoming than capes. The plastron forms a large collar in the back, and in front it tapers to the waist. The blue opossum is much used also. Many of the boas touch the feet. Muffs show small heads, and are made to contain purses and bags, as of yore. The officer's collar is a useful article; it is a straight band of fur, lined with silk, made to wear close round the throat. This protects the throat, is becoming, and can be slipped on quickly. Among the best form of fur cape is a sort of habit shirt, with cords and gimp serving for epaulets; this carried across the front, falling there in a double chain.

—The chic little fish-wife poke, made variously of straw, lace, mull or net, and the neat French capote are having it all their own way just at present in head coverings for dress occasions. The prettiest of these are of shirred crape or of straw, lace trimmed. For less youthful wearers these bonnets have almost invariably a finish of gathered velvet forming a puff which edges the brim of the bonnet. In this case velvet ribbon to match is mingled with the waves of the lace upon the outside, these run through with fancy pearl and gold pins. Feather tips in pink, pale sea-green or bebe-blue are often used, but flowers are prefered, and these lovely garnitures, instead of forming semi-wreaths and chaplets, are still arranged in high montures in aigrette fashion and placed directly in front of the crown of the bonnet, the stems, thorns, grasses or sprays of lilies of the valley falling gracefully at each side.

HORSE NOTES.

—Sir Walter, Jr. (2.13¼), and Queen Wilkes (2 23¾) will winter at Plainfield, N. J.

—The aged horse Storey, by Monarchist-Tuscola, broke down at Louisville, and will not face the flag again.

—Eugene Leigh has purchased of the Lone Star Stables the ch. g. Bankrupt, 4 years old, by Spendthrift, dam imp. Authoress by Favonius, for $2500.

—Caprice ran in the name of Mr. James Galway at Jerome Park, on the 4th inst., which probably means that the "Preakness Stable" will hereafter be dropped in favor of the owner's name.

—F. B. Harper, Nantura Stock Farm, Midway, Ky., has sold to William Walker, Louisville, the bay colt Bric-a-Ban, foaled 1884, by King Ban, dam Little Fanny by Endorser, for $1500.

—The trotting and breeding mare Lady A., belonging to Henry R. Appleget, of Hightstown, N. J., died of colic on the 6th inst., caused by eating green corn. She had a 4-months-old colt by Pickett by her side.

—The running of the gelding Joe Mitchell in the closing race at Brooklyn was so plain a case of pulling that the horse, his owner, Mr. DeLong, and his son, William DeLong, the jockey, were ruled off. The latter, however, will probably be reinstated.

—J. Madden, Bethlehem, Pa., has sold the bay gelding Willett, 2 27¼, by Sweepstakes dam Sally Downe by Edward Everett, to R. Jones of Minneapolis, Minn., for $3300. He bought him from Alex. Newburger, of New York, for $2500.

—It looks as if Rowe will not train next season for Mr. Baldwin, although it was given out recently that he would. Rowe says he will not train a public stable next season, though he does not say whose stable he will train, but he has engaged Godfrey as jockey.

—The b. g. Bodine, 2.19¼, now 22 years old was recently purchased by Dr. George O. Bailey, of Portland, Maine, from R. M. Reynolds of Monson, Mass. Bodine was sired by Volunteer, out of a daughter of Willis' Harry Clay and made his record at East Saginaw Mich., in 1875.

—The Cleveland Driving Park Company is contemplating opening several large stakes, with liberal added money, for colts and horses bred and owned in Ohio, Pennsylvania; Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. The stakes are to be trottee at the 1888 fall meeting at Cleveland, in connection with the Ohio Breeders' Association.

—The Coney Island Jockey Club has determined to build a straight track of three-quarters of a mile. For the satisfaction of an officer of the club, Mr. Charles H. Haswell was asked to make a circulation, taking the present three-quarter-mile course as a basis, showing how much farther a horse would run starting thirty feet from the pole than the pole horse. The result proves that the outside horse would have to cover 93 feet 4½ inches more than the inside one, which at a 1.14 gait is equivalent to nearly 1¾ seconds.

—Messrs. C. F. Todd & Son, of Calais, Me., have recently made one of the most remarkable purchases on record, having bought through G. W. Levitt, of Boston, Mass., six mares, all with records between 2.34¾ and 2.19, out of the famous brood mares Emeline, by Henry B. Patchen. The group contains Adele Gould, ch. m., 2.19 by Jay Gould; Kate Taylor, b. m., 2.23¾; by Aberdeen; Ray Gould, b. m., 2.29¼, by Jay Gould; Augustus Schuyler, 2.31¼, by Aberdeen; Alice Blackwood, b. m., 2.31¼, by Blackwood, and Daisy Hartshorne, 2.34¾, by Aberdeen.

—The abominable fashion of changing the finishing posts for races of various distances, in vogue only at Jerome Park, was again the cause of trouble on the 4th inst. Hayward made a mistake as to the proper place to finish, and took things easy with Eurus, Volante winning. After the post was past Hayward sat down on Eurus and commenced to ride. This fooled Murphy, who in turn set to work on Volante, and the two raced it out again to the old stand, which Eurus passed first. The jockey was of course blamed, and very properly, but the system is much more to blame, and is a nuisance that will continue to give trouble as long as it shall remain in force.

—George Oyster's education has clearly been neglected. Among experienced trainers of 2-year-olds the schooling of the young things in breaking at the forms an important part of their education. Wyndham Walden, during the days when the success of his 2-year-olds in the colors of the late George Lorillard became a proverb, made a special feature of this. Regularly each season he would come to Jerome Park in May, and the lightning rushes of his youngsters swept the 2-year-old-board. We are not apt to go frantic over horses, but we certainly think that had George Oyster been handled earlier and learned to break quickly he would hold his own with any colt out this season, as he always shows more speed at the finish than any,

—The property of the Cape May Driving Park Company consists of eighty acres, situated on the sixty-foot turnpike leading from Cape May to the steamboat landing near Cape May Point. It is about four minutes drive from the town and six from the landing, with a frontage on the pike of over 2100 feet. The officers of the company are: President, J. V. Lafferty; Secretary, E. V. Macbeth, both of Philadelphia, and Treasurer, J. H. Edmunds, Mayor of Cape May City. A mile track eighty-five feet wide is being laid out, and inside that a half-mile trotting track sixty feet in width. In the centre will be an artificial lake. Between the mile and half-mile tracks will be a turf three-quarters steeple-chase course, thus making the most complete course of the kind in the country. A grand stand, with chairs for 5200 people, is in process of erection, and stabling will be erected for 322 horses. All the buildings will be in the best style and handsomely finished in all their details

A Gigantic Mining Enterprise.

Without doubt one of the greatest mining achievements of modern engineering is the construction of the Big Bend Tunnel on the Feather river, situated in Butte County, California. Feather river is formed by the North, Middle and South Forks, which rise in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in Plumas County, run southwestward, and unite in Butte Co. to form the main Feather. It is well known, among gold miners, that the richest and most productive gold mines of California have been the beds of rivers, and the "Feather" especially has been known for years under the name of "The Golden Feather."

But the Big Bend of Feather river whose gravel deposits have been estimated in value from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000, has hitherto baffled the skill of man to rob it of its treasure. This vast amount of wealth has been guarded and preserved for ages by the minimum constant flow of one hundred thousand miners' inches of water rushing through a narrow canon of from 1,500 to 2,000 feet deep, which rendered it impossible to wing-dam or flume. Only recently these obstacles could be overcome through the intervention of modern engineering skill.

There is a little stream running through Dark Canon, which empties into the West Branch of the Feather and from there into the main Feather.

A tunnel was commenced in Dark Canon, and a bore 12x16 feet drilled through a spur of Big Bend mountain a distance of 12,007 feet, *or nearly two and one third miles in length* out to the mountain side of Feather River, at the upper end of the Bend. Just below where the upper end of the tunnel taps the river a dam was constructed which is to force the water through the tunnel into Dark Canon, out of which it will flow into the West Branch, and then into the main Feather again. This will leave about fourteen miles of the river bed exposed to sight during the season of low water, which is from seven to nine months in the year. At the head of the tunnel six gates of iron and steel, 4½ by 8 feet, will let the water in or keep it out. In times of high water the gates will be closed, and the river will run along its old bed, to be turned out of its course and through the tunnel at low water.

The President of the Big Bend Tunnel and Mining Company, and the largest stockholder therein, is Dr. R. V. Pierce, who, being fully satisfied with the feasibility of the plan from its inception, has with an unstinting hand supplied the funds for the prosecution of this enormously expensive work, and his confidence and liberality will soon meet its reward.

The Doctor besides is President of the Buffalo Loan, Trust and Safe Deposit Company, one of the foremost banking institutions in the city of Buffalo. But he is perhaps best known as President of the "World's Dispensary Medical Association and Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute." This institution is situated on Main and Washington streets, Buffalo, N. Y., having the design to furnish a home to those desiring private treatment of the most skilled class, especially to those suffering from chronic and surgical diseases. It is not a hospital, but a pleasant, remedial home, furnished with every comfort, and the most approved sanitary, medical and surgical appliances.

There are eighteen skilled physicians and surgeons constantly at the Hotel, and a corps of efficient and trained nurses. The Doctor is also the inventor of several well-known medicines, which are compounded at the World's Dispensary. The efficacy of these medicines is undoubtedly what led to the idea and ultimate establishment of the invalids' Hotel. Very many who were using these remedies of Dr. Pierce's found them so beneficial that they began to send applications for personal treatment, and these appeals becoming so numerous, the Doctor concluded to erect his invalid's Hotel. The Big Bend Tunnel Company is fortunate in having so progressive a man as Dr. Pierce as their President.

THERE are two main sources of trouble in feeding calves. The first is in allowing them to gorge themselves while sucking the mother. The calf has no judgment and will suck until it can swallow no more. This overtasks the stomach and brings on scours. In her wild state, the cow would not give enough milk to injure the calf; but in her domesticated condition she pours out two or three gallons. It is, therefore best not to let the calf suck all it will, but just enough to comfortably fill the stomach and round out, but not pod out its sides. The stomach filled three or four times a day is sufficient.

THE time to pick duck feathers, like fruit, is when they are ripe. This may be learned by catching two or three and pulling a few feathers here and there. If they pull hard and the quills are filled with bloody fluid, they are not ripe; but if they pull easy and the quills are clear, you know that it is the "best time to pick." Ducks may be picked four times a year. Never pluck the long tufts of coarse feathers on the sides that support the wings.

THE use of blood as a food for cattle has, it is stated, been the subject of experiment in Denmark by a chemist, who, as a result, has now invented and patented a new kind of cake, in which blood forms one of the chief ingredients. This new food is stated to be exceedingly nutritious and wholesome, and is eaten with avidity by all sorts of animals, and even by cows and horses, which have naturally a strong dislike to the smell of blood.

IT has been ascertained by a series of experiments that rye and winter wheat germinate at 32°; barley, oats, flax, clover and the pea at 35°; Indian corn at 48°; turnips at 32°; carrots at 38°; and the bean at 40°. By adding 12° to each of these we will get the best normal temperature of germination.

GERMAN experiments have proved that seamud is a much better fertilizer for rye and oats than farm-yard manure.

HOUSEHOLD.

BOILED SALSIFY.—As the season for delicate green vegetables goes by people turn to vegetables of a somewhat heavier kind. Salsify, on oyster plant, is one of the most palatable tubers in the market, and may be cooked in a variety of ways. If it is simply to be boiled, first remove the tops (which are not used) from two bunches and then cover the bunches with cold water. Next put a quart of cold water and a tablespoonful of lemon juice into a bowl. Scrape the salsify perfectly clean, and, as each piece is finished, drop it into the liquid in the bowl, which will keep it white. When ready to cook the salsify, drain it carefully and put it into a clean stewpan with boiling water enough to cover it. Boil for fifty minutes, adding a teaspoonful of salt at the end of the first half hour. At serving time drain the plant thoroughly and season it with salt and pepper and a tablespoonful of butter; or serve with butter sauce. Salsify grows dark in cooking unless it be kept in water from the time it is scraped until it is boiled. It should not be cooked in an iron kettle.

BREAD TOMATOES.—The tomatoes should be firm and cold. That variety called beefsteak tomato is the best for breading. Before doing any other work get ready a kettle of hot fat, roll and sift a quantity of bread crumbs, and beat two eggs. All this is necessary because the tomatoes grow soft and juicy if allowed to stand. Pare and slice them, and after seasoning well with salt and pepper dip each slice in beaten egg and then in bread crumbs. When all the slices have been treated in this manner dip them again in the bread and crumbs; then place them in a frying basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook for about a minute and a half. For six people about four large tomatoes two eggs and a cupful of crumbs will be required.

A GOOD STEW OF BLACK FISH, or almost any fish, is made in this way (the oil and the saffron are necessary to give it a fine flavor): Chop fine one onion and one clove of garlic, and fry them golden brown in a gill of salad oil, stir into this two tablespoonfuls of flour, and let it brown slightly; then add a tablespoonful of saffron, a small red pepper, a little bunch of sweet herbs, a ripe tomato peeled and sliced, two quarts of boiling water, and a bayleaf; let these ingredients simmer while the fish is being sliced, seasoned with salt and pepper, rolled in flour, and fried in another gill of smoking hot oil. Then cut some stale bread in small dice, fry them brown, put them into a tureen with the fish; mix the yolks of three eggs with a cup of the soup; stir this into the rest of the soup, with the juice of a lemon, and strain it over the bread and fish in the tureen.

PEACH FRITTERS.—Make a batter of two well-beaten eggs, half a pint of milk and a little salt; beat very smooth and light, and then pour in the remainder of the milk and eggs, to which is added a tablespoonful of butter or olive oil. Peel and cut the peaches in halves; dip them in the batter and fry them in boiling fat until they are a delicate brown. Serve on a hot dish and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

TO CAN PEACHES.—Rub the peaches hard with a piece of flannel or coarse crash to remove the rough surface, but do not peel them. Make a sirup of one cupful of sugar to one quart of water. When it is boiling put in the peaches and cook slowly until they are tender; then put them into the cans and pour over them the hot sirup and screw on the covers. The flavor of the peach is retained in a greater degree than when the skins is removed wholly.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Make a sirup of two pounds of sugar to one quart of good vinegar. Put into a little muslin bag one tablespoonful of each kind of spice, tie tightly and put it into the vinegar and sugar. Prepare the peaches as for canning and cook them in the sirup until they are tender, but not too soft; then place them in the jar and pour over them the hot sirup. Put the spice-bag into the jar with the peaches.

PINCUSHION.—Take a piece of brocaded silk showing a large detached pattern and cut the silk so that only part of the pattern will come in one corner; then border the cushion with thick silk cord looped in rosette fashion in the upper corners. Double cords starting from these corners are used to suspend the cushion.

FLOATING ISLAND.—Put a pint and a half of milk to boil in a thoroughly clean saucepan, sweeten and flavor it to taste. Beat up the whites of four eggs until they are quite firm and crisp. Put a tablespoonful at a time into the boiling milk, turning them after a few seconds. Arrange in a pyramid in a deep dish. Make a soft custard of the yelks and milk for a sauce.

PEACH CAKE.—Bake three sheets of sponge cake as for jelly cake; cut nice ripe peaches in thin slices; prepare cream by whipping, sweetening and adding flavor of vanilla, if desired; put layers of peaches between the sheets of cake; pour cream over each layer and over the top. To be eaten soon after it is prepared.

FROSTING WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup granulated sugar and five tablespoons milk, boil five minutes, stir until cold, and put on a cold cake. It is splendid; try it.

GRAHAM PUDDING.—Two cups of graham-flour, one cup of molasses, one cup sweet milk, one cup chopped raisins, two teaspoonfuls soda; steam three hours.

CLABBER BATTER CAKES.—Beat three eggs very light, add one teacup of thick clabber, one of skim milk, one of flour, one of corn-meal, half a teaspoonful of soda and salt each. Grease a hot griddle and bake.

Make No Mistake

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing, by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation curative power superior to any other article of the kind.

"In one store the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was, I had taken it, was perfectly satisfied with it, and did not want any other." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace St., Boston.

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Regular Registered Physicians; and are still engaged in the treatment and cure of all cases of nervous debility and special diseases. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 2 p. m., and from 6 to 9 p. m. Closed on Sundays. Consultation also by mail strictly confidential.

FARM NOTES.

A GOOD horse is the farmer's best friend among the brute creation, working patiently all the year round through heat and cold, and stormy and pleasant weather, to do the farmer's bidding. Surely such a kind, patient animal deserves to be kindly treated, and to have its every want and comfort promptly attended to. There is something lacking in the nature of a man who misuses and maltreats his horse. Of all animals the most kind, docile and gentle is the well-bread and good-dispositioned horse, and no other animal likewise is more easily spoiled by injudicious and viscious management. The horse seems, to a great extent, to form his disposition from his trainer, and if the trainer allows an unruly temper to guide his movements in the handling of his charge, the animal will not likely show any improvement on his unkind and harsh treatment. Any animal that must necessarily be as much used and handled as a horse should be pleasant and safe to be used in any way. A farmer cannot afford to risk his own life and that of the members of his family by the use of a vicious horse; yet most horses are made vicious and unruly by bad training. The horse should be handled with firmness, but not harshly; with gentleness, but at all times to be made to know its master.

RECENT chemical investigation has shown that potato plants do not absorb and assimilate the arsenic of Paris green and other preparations used for destroying the Colorado potato beetle. The productiveness of the soil, however, is impaired by the use of arsenic in considerable quantity.

Life in the Paris Sewers,

is possible, for a short time to the robust, but the majority of refined persons would prefer immediate death to existence in their reeking atmosphere. How much more revolting to be in one's self a *living sewer.* But this is actually the case with those in whom the inactivity of the body to escape through the lungs, breath, the pores, kidneys and bladder. It is astonishing that life remains in such a dwelling. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" restores normal purity to the system and renews the whole being.

The office of liberality consisteth in giving with judgment.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

Humility kneels in the dust but gazes on the skies.

"Her face so fair, as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portrait of bright angel's hue,
Clear as the sky, without a blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion due,
And in her cheeks the vermeil red did show."

This is the poet's description of a woman whose physical system was in a perfectly sound and healthy state, with every function acting properly, and is the enviable condition of its fair patrons produced by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Any druggist.

The worst of slaves are those that are constantly serving their passions.

In every community there are a number of men whose whole time is not occupied, such as teachers, ministers, farmers' sons, and others. To these classes especially we would say, if you wish to make several hundred dollars during the next few months, write at once to B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, Va., and they will show you how to do it.

It is to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

Frazer Axle Grease.

One greasing with Frazer Axle Grease will last two weeks, all others two or three days. Try it. I received first premium at the Centennial and Paris Exposition.

If you keep pegging away, the chances are you won't go barefoot.

That feeling of extreme debility is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I was tired all over, but Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me new life and strength," says a Pawtucket, R. I., lady. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.

The wise corrects his faults by observing the faults of others.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

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The great road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing.

Nothing like Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5.00. Druggists. Try it.

Taste depends upon those finer emotions which make the organization of the soul.

'ROYAL GLUE' mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro.

Miseries are endless, if we stand in fear of all possibilities.

FACETIÆ.

TEMPORARY INSANITY.—Judge—"You attacked your victim in a lonely spot."

Accused—"Well, you didn't expect me to go through him in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, did you?"

"You robbed him of everything he had except a gold watch, which probably escaped your attention."

"Great Scott! Did he really wear a watch?"

"He did."

"Then you want to turn me loose."

"Why so?"

"Because, if he had a watch and I overlooked it, I must have been out of my mind. I was not in a responsible condition. It's a clear case of temporary insanity."

SHE WANTED TO SWOON.—A young lady in Austin having fainted in church, about forty men rushed in, and lifting her up, tenderly carried her out into the fresh air. Little Mamie Peterby, who is about twelve years old, was in church with the family. As soon as they got home she asked:

"How old am I, ma?"

"You are going on twelve, my child."

"Well, ain't I old enough to swoon away at church, so the gentlemen will carry me and bring me to, also?"

ONE IS A DOSE.—A little Texas girl had red hair, and she had to bear a great many taunts from her playmates, and even grown people. She complained to her mother, who consoled her by saying:

Never mind what people say about your hair. God made your hair, and He does all things well."

Yes, I suppose so; but if I were you I'd make other arrangements next time. One red-headed girl is enough in one family."

CIVIL SERVICE ITEM.—Colonel Yerger—"Where have you been for the last week, Judge Pennybunker?"

Judge P.—"I've been to Washington after the Austin post office."

"Did you get it?"

"I've not got it yet."

"Are you going to get it?"

"Reckon not."

"Well, what did you get?"

"I got the refusal of it."

ROUGH ON TEACHERS.—"Who is the laziest boy in your class, Johnny?"

Johnny—"I dunno."

"I should think you would know. When all the others are industriously writing or studying their lessons who is he who sits idly in his seat and watches the rest, instead of working himself?"

"The teacher."

A RETRACTION.—Jones—"I hear you said that I was not good enough for the gallows."

Smith—"Yes, that's true."

"Well, you have got to retract,"

"Retract what?"

"What you said about my not being good enough for the gallows."

"All right, you are good enough for the gallows."

"Thanks."

A MUSICAL EVENING.—De Browne—"Thanks, very much for the song, Miss Smythe. You have a divine voice. Do you know why the song you have just sung is called the 'Swany River'?"

"I fancy," she replied, lightly touching the keys, "it is on account of the swans there. I think swans are so beautiful, Mr. De Browne."

"AND do you really love me, George?" she asked,

"Love you!" repeated George, fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"

SALLY.—Why don't you get married?

Mr. W. (lisning)—I am so ugly no one will have me.

Sally—Wouldn't some one as ugly as you are have you?

A CORRESPONDENT wants us to tell him "which is the proper attitude for a fisherman, standing or sitting." Neither, innocent one; lying is the only position in which he feels entirely at home.

A SACQUE for a Canadian girl is to be made entirely of cat skins. It will be rather awkward if she shall feel the back of her new garment rising whenever she calls her pug for a walk.

JEALOUSY is the meanest passion that can influence the human mind. If you don't believe it just ask the husband whose wife has forbidden him to kiss the prettiest of all her charming cousins.

MAGISTRATE (sternly to tramp)—The address you give as your place of residence is a vacant lot.

Tramp—Yes, yer Honor; that's where I sleep nights.

SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.—Hungry commercial tourist—"Walter, what's this?"

Waiter—"Yo' dinnah, sah."

H. C. T.—"Look here! I've read your signs, and the samples are all right, but hurry and bring on the goods."

FROM THE GERMAN.—"What does the soldier do when he dies?"

Soldier—"I don't know."

Instructor—"Don't you know, you donkey, that when the soldier dies he simultaneously severs his connection with the army?"

HE DISLIKED THE COACHMAN.—Husband—"Our coachman wants a week off to get married."

Wife—"Well, yon ain't going to give it to him, are you?"

"Yes; why not? I don't see why he should be exempt from suffering and misery."

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD! CURES ALL PAINS
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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS are a cure for this complaint. They restore strength to the stomach and enable it to perform its functions. The symptoms of Dyspepsia disappear, and with them the liability of the system to contract diseases.

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Not a Liquid or Snuff.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
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We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

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IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.
IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.
IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhœa, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DYGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price $1 per large bottle). If he does not have it send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty five years.

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Cures piles or hemorrhoids, itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other. Internal and external remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists or mail. E. S. Wells, Jersey City.

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F. E. ROBINSON, Druggist,
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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

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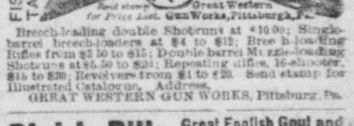

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Blair's Pills. Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 34 round, 14 Pills.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Attorney, Washington, D. C.

AFFLICTED AND UNFORTUNATE
After all others fail consult
Dr. LOBB
329 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Phila., Pa.
20 years experience in all SPECIAL diseases. Permanently restores those weakened by early indiscretions, &c. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours: 11 a. m. till 3, and 7 to 10 evenings.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.
Best in the World. Made only by the Frazer Lubricator Co. at Chicago, N. Y. & St. Louis. *Sold everywhere.*

WANTED:
ONE AGENT FOR THIS COUNTY,
To take orders for enlarging SMALL PHOTOGRAPHS into
LIFE-SIZE CRAYON PICTURES.
The pictures are really beautiful. Likeness guaranteed. Agents can easily get orders and make a large commission. Address,
International Publishing & Printing Co.
528 MARKET ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Pensions to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Atty, Washington, D. C.

$1000 Reward for any case of Kidney Trouble, Nervous Debility, Mental or Physical Weakness that Botanic Nerve Bitters fail to cure. 50 Cts. Herb Medicine Co. 19 N. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all Druggists

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

CENTRE HALL, PA., October 20, 1887

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE:
J. ROSS THOMPSON.

FOR STATE TREASURER:
B. J. McGRANN.

Democratic County Ticket.

Associate Judge—JOHN GROVE.
Sheriff—JOHN NOLL.
Treasurer—JAMES KIMPORT.
Register—JOHN A. RUPP.
Recorder—W. GAYLER MORRISON.
Commissioners—A. J. GREIST. M. S. FEIDLER.
Auditors—H. A. McKEE. W. A. KRISE.

Democrats, vote early and watch so the Republicans don't vote often.

A bed of salt has been struck at Ithaca, N. Y., while sinking a test well in search of natural gas. The test well is now down 2,600 feet, being the deepest in the state. The drill is now in a bed of solid rock salt, 150 feet having already been penetrated.

Mr. H. A. Hamblin, one of the evicted farmers in O'Brien county Iowa, writes to friends that the half has not been told of the horrors of the evictions. Many of the families are living on the public highways, in tents made of quilts and sheets. Old men of 70, maimed soldiers, and widows have lost their homes and are sleeping on the cold ground. The British syndicate has taken their teams and milk cows to pay the cost of the evictions. There were 120 families evicted.

The evictions are caused by foreign land holders.

Elmira, N. Y., has choked off several youngsters from being future presidents.

A series of incendiary fires and burglaries in that city was brought to an end by the arrest of nine young men who had banded together for the purpose of burglary and arson.

The culprits had an ironclad agreement, which called for the death of the member divulging any of the association's secrets.

The first youth arrested made a confession implicating his associates. A large amount of stolen property was recovered, and the police say the evidence against the young men is conclusive.

In a liquor case, on Monday, the Supreme Court decided,

"When one enters a saloon or tavern, opened for the entertainment of the public, the proprietor is bound to see that he is properly protected from assaults or insults, as well as of those who are in his employ as of the drunken and vicious men whom he may chose to harbor. To illustrate the principle here stated we need go no farther than the case of the Pittsburg and Connellsville Railroad Company vs. Pillow, 76 Pa. 510. In the case cited, a drunken row occurred on board one of the defendant's cars, and during the quarrel a bottle was broken and a piece of the glass struck the plaintiff, a peaceable passenger, in the eye and put it out. Held that the company was responsible for the injury.

SALOONKEEPERS' LIABILITY.

Among the decisions handed down in the supreme court at Pittsburg on Monday, was that of William Rommell vs. Jacob Schambacher, which came up on a writ of error from Philadelpia county. The plaintiff had sustained severe injuries through a practical joke perpetrated upon him while in the defendant's saloon, and brought action for damages. A nonsuit was ordered and the case was carried up. The opinion to-day was by the chief justice, who held that the court below erred, and ordered a new trial. It was held that a saloonkeeper or tavern-keeper is responsible for any injuries inflicted on persons while in his saloon or house, especially when such keeper sells liquor to make people drunk and is the direct cause of the injuries thus sustained.

RAISING A FALSE ISSUE.

The *Patriot* says Mr. Cooper's aim is to raise a false issue so as to obscure, if possible the real questions to be decided at the election.

By falsely charging, that the democratic party intends to abolish "the Christian Sabbath" he hopes to divert attention from the short-comings and misdoings of the late Republican legislature.

The lost, strayed or stolen Revenue bill, the defeat of the Billingsley bill, the veto of the bill taxing store orders, the lavish and reckless appropriations, Mr. Cooper wishes to hide from the public view.

But his frantic efforts are vain and foolish. No man outside a lunatic asylum can be made to believe that B. J. McGrann as State Treasurer and J. Ross Thompson as Supreme Judge can in the slightest degree interfere with the present Sunday laws.

No legislature is to be chosen this year and therefore no laws can be changed by the election of the democratic state ticket, but the people can express their disapproval of the course of the late republican legislature.

Mr. Cooper's appeal to a false issue falls flat as a flounder.

SUNDAY AT BELLE MEADE

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY HAS A DAY OF REST.

Mr. Cleveland Rambles Over the Noted Farm--The Attempt to Wreck the Train a Canard—A Nashville Canard.

BELLE MEADE, Tenn., Oct. 17.—The presidential train reached Belle Meade at 9:15 o'clock Saturday evening. Immediately upon its arrival ex-Senator Jackson and his brother, General W. H. Jackson, entered the president's car and welcomed the party. The president, Mrs. Cleveland and Col. Lamont entered the carriage of Gen. Jackson to become his guests until Monday morning, while the postmaster-general and Mrs. Vilas, Dr. Bryant and Mr. Bissell accompanied the ex-senator. The other members of the party proceeded with the train to Nashville, and were quartered at the Maxwell house.

The Belle Meade farm, six miles from Nashville, is the oldest of the American thoroughbred nurseries. It covers thirty-eight hundred acres of mixed arable and pasture land, which is in bluegrass of a quality equal to any to be found in Kentucky. The soil is very rich, and one of the best proofs of this, is the heavy quality of its timber, the forest growth being truly magnificent. The cultivatable part lies in a broad plain, surrounded by picturesque hills and wooded slopes, all inclosed by a splendidly built stone wall or rock fence, of upwards of twenty miles in extent, Great meadows stretch out from either side of Richland creek, and three have given the estate its name, Belle Meade—"beautiful meadow."

The Belle Meade mansion is a quaint, old-fashioned house of the southern style of ante-bellum day, standing some distance back from the road, between which and the house flows a lovely stream of water. The house stands on high ground, amid stately trees and shubbory, and is surrounded by a spacious lawn, which runs into a deer park of some 500 acres, where 250 head of deer, a herd of Shetland ponies and a flock of wild goats roam at will. The park is really a primeval forest, which, with its magnificent trees, its sparkling streams, its hills, dales and plains covered with deer, thoroughbreds and Jersey cattle, forms a picture worthy the pen of a pastoral poet. Prior to the war buffalo and elk were in the park, but these were killed or driven off by the troops, who were constantly quartered on the place.

The interior of the mansion is baronial; its open fireplaces and glowing wood fires, the solidity and quaintness of the furniture and plate, its family portraits, all remind one forcibly of an English ducal residence. The walls of the various rooms are adorned with portraits of departed ancestors of the Hardings and Jacksons, while in the hall hang pictures by Herring, Troze, Hall, Scott, Stull, and other eminent artists of the cracks of the turf and stud bred and owned at Belle Meade. Racing cups, plates, and trophies are plenty, which, with the family plate, were taken by a faithful slave woman and her husband at the risk of their lives, when the northern troops were approaching, and buried in a place of safety.

As an evidence of the affection in which the Hardings and Jacksons are held by their former slaves it is only necessary to state that there are upward of a hundred negroes now on the estate who were Gen. Harding's slaves before the war, and who have never left the place. Many of them are now men and women past work, who have to be supported by their old owners. When emancipation was declared the slaves refused to leave their old home, and Gen. Harding was forced to provide for them. The bulk of the laborers are former Belle Meade slaves and their children.

Since 1884 Belle Meade has belonged to Gen. W. H. Jackson (son-in-law of Gen. Harding) and his brother, ex-United States senator Howell E. Jackson, recently appointed United States circuit judge by President Cleveland. The family are stalwart followers of the Cleveland administration. Belle Meade has a national reputation for hospitality. There is scarcely a man of reputation visiting Nashville who has not been entertained there. In 1881 the French commissioners, Baron Faverat, and captain Henri Chere of the Thirteenth dragoons, spent several days at the place. Secretary Bayard attends the sale of yearlings annually, and ex-Speakers Randall and Carlisle have discussed revenue reform and tariff within its walls. Senators Blackburn and Beck, and Congressman Scott are frequent visitors, and in recent years Belle Meade has become as great a Mecca of "distinguished Americans," as Monticello in the days of Jefferson.

It was intended that the day should be for the president one of restful quiet—and so it was—but the temptation to a stroll over the park-like sward and among the lordly oaks of the great breeding farm was irresistible. There were no crowds—none but the family and servants about, in fact—and the weather was perfect. So the president and Mrs. Cleveland, accompanied by their host, Gen. Jackson, sauntered out. Passing the stables, the trio went out into the deer park, and suddenly, as they stood upon a knoll taking in the enchanting beauty of the scene, a drove of more than two hundred large deer came bounding past—splendid fellows they were, scampering as if for life, and hardly touching the ground.

Other similar strolls were indulged in, and some time was spent in looking at the famous horses on the farm, but altogether the day wrs quietly and restfully spent.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Oct. 17.—Somebody, exactly who it is impossible to learn, started a canard that a rebel flag was floating in the breeze at one of the principal corners in the city. Investigation was immediately made by representatives of both the local and outside press, but no foundation for the story could be gathered. The tale was sent over the telephone from some point in the city to Belle Meade. That nothing of the sort occurred is firmly believed.

The story telegraphed from Memphis to Chicago about the attempted wrecking of of the president's train by burning a trestle, is hooted and laughed at by the correspondents who have been with the president during his trip. They say that nothing of the kind occurred at any time.

Wholesale Dismissals.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Secretary Fairchild has approved the recommendation of Collector Magone for the removal of 20 $1,400 clerks in the New York custom house, 14 of whom are in the eleventh division, 2 each in the first and tenth, and 1 each in the fifth and seventh. It is said that these clerks failed to pass two civil service examinations.

Gladstone Chips.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Owing to repeated appeals for chips of trees felled by Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden a printed circular has been issued fixing a uniform charge of eighteen pence for a small block, or three shillings per cubic foot, exclusive of carriage.

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or into consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions, and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you dont know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents: Ask any druggist.

The Pennsylvania railroad company has been experimenting for some time with an automatic whistle, the object of which is to give the signal at grade crossings, whether the engineer be awake or sleeping. The device is a very simple one, consisting simply of a bar lever connecting with the whistle and extending down to within one inch of the track. At a point six hundred yards from the crossing a protection is placed which, striking against the lever, starts the whistle. Should the engineer be asleep the shrill note of the whistle directly over his head would undoubtedly awaken him.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

DEMOCRACY—VICTORY

1888. — 1888.

A TWELVE-PAGE WEEKLY.

The Largest and Cheapest Democratic Paper in the Union for the Presidential Campaign of 1888.

PITTSBURG WEEKLY POST,

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ALL POSTAGE PREPAID.

The coming Presidential year will be one of the most important in the history of the Democratic party. THE WEEKLY POST will give the history of the year complete, week by week. It will be a year of great conventions, of great political activity in State and nation; of Presidential nominations; of a tremendously active and aggressive Democratic campaign; and we believe of a glorious victory.

THE WEEKLY POST will give all the news. In its 12 pages and 84 columns will be found that careful variety of reading that interests the man of business, the farmer, the politician, the student, and pre-eminently the family and household circle.

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THE POST,
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The Weekly
Chronicle Telegraph,
—$1.00 a year, and—
The Centre Reporter,
$1.50 a year.

The Weekly Chronicle Telegraph is an 8-page, 56-column paper, and contains choice Original Stories by best American authors; Fashion Notes and suggestions for the Household, by leading writers; Amusements for the Family Circle, Agricultural Notes, Latest Financial and Market Reports, General News and a choice selection of interesting reading for everybody.

Send a postal card to the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph, Pittsburgh, Pa., for a sample copy.

We will send the
CENTRE REPORTER
and the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph, to any address in the United States or Canada, for one year for $2.00, in advance. m

JOB WORK.

Having added to our stock of material we are ready to do poster work, at low rates; Sale bills, large ½ sheet $1.25; and ¼ sheet, $1.00. All poster work in same proportion. Envelopes at $1 75 per 1000 Bill heads and statements $1.75 per 1000. Cash to accompany order.

NOTICE.

From date of this notice chop grists will be ground only on Tuesday and Friday of each week. In order to make sure, please have grists in by Monday and Thursday evening or early morning of next days. KURTZ & SON.
Sept. 1, 1887.

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid, Grain taken on storage tf

Larger Than Ever!

FURNITURE EMPORIUM OF

W. R. CAMP, Bishop Street, Bellefonte, Pa.

Is now more complete than ever. Endless variety of

Chamber & Parlor Suits, Odd Pieces

I respectfully invite the people of Centre county to call and examine. In purchasing these goods I have taken great care in selection, and purchased the best for the money. My prices are in strict conformity with reliable goods. Our Store Room is full and is worth seeing even if you do not buy. We have an attractive line of Parlor Suits—of all the fashionable styles. Chamber Suits are equally attractive. They are in Walnut, Ash and Cherry. Besides goods enumerated above we have everything that can be found in a first class Furniture Store. Come and see our Stock.

W. R. Camp, Bishop St,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

H. K. HICKS & BRO. H. K. HICKS & BRO.

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A,

—DEALERS IN—

Hardware, Oils, Paints,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS
HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

FREIGHT MUST BE LOADED AT BELLEFONTE BY 10 A. M.

EXPRESS ANY TIME UP TO TRAIN TIME. COME TO SEE US.

We have the largest stock at the lowest prices of any store in our line of business in Centre county. Now that you have a Railroad through the valley and Telephone Connection direct to our store, it will more than pay you to order from us. We guarantee prompt shipments and the lowest prices for the best goods. When you can save money you will certainly take advantage of this opportunity. H. K. HICKS & BRO.

Our positive terms are CASH Thirty days to responsible parties. THIRTY DAYS TO RESPONSIBLE PARTIES.

Remember the only agency for the SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOWS.

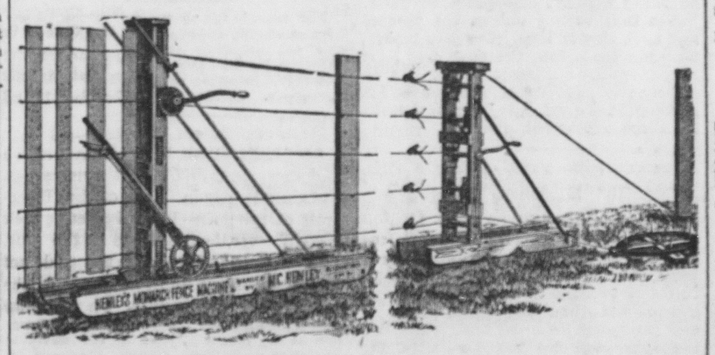
Glass, Iron,

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES
STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

H. K. HICKS & BRO. aprly H. K. HICKS & BRO.

THE IMPROVED

Henly Monarch Fence Machine



COMMON SENSE REASONS WHY THE IMPROVED
HENLY MONARCH FENCE MACHINE
IS THE BEST AND HAS NO EQUAL.

1 Because the wire is stretched the full length of the field before the weaving is commenced.
2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

For prices of machines, fence material, or territory, address,
SHIRES & KENNEDY,
unim Manufacturers Agents for Pennsylvania and New York. CENTRE HALL, A.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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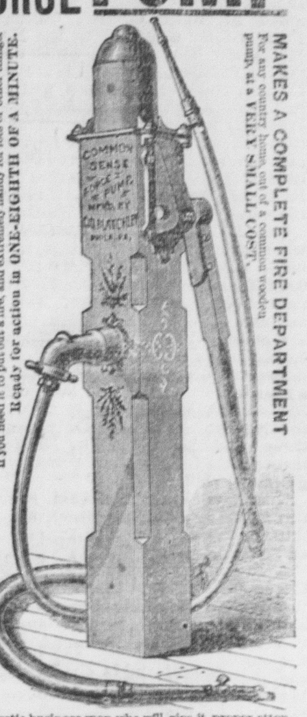
WORTH FIFTY TIMES ITS COST
If you need it to put out a fire, and extremely handy for lots of other things. Ready for action in ONE-EIGHTH OF A MINUTE.



MAKES A COMPLETE FIRE DEPARTMENT
For any country home, out of a common wooden pump, at a VERY SMALL COST.

Energetic business men who will give it proper attention, are wanted to handle this pump in every town in Pa., N. J., Md., Del., Va., and N. C., and will be accorded control of suitable territory not already occupied

CHARLES G. BLATCHLEY
MANUFACTURER of all sizes and styles of WOOD PUMPS.
Office: 25 N. E. City Hall Square, Opp. Broad St. Station P. R. R. Philadelphia, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelph7 and Erie Division)—on and after Jan. 30, 188

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 56 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
"	"	Renovo	8 50 a m
"	arr at	Erie	4 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25a m
"	"	Montandon	1 14 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 15 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	2 39 p m
"	"	Renovo	4 30 p m
"	"	Kane	8 35 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
		(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 05 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 22 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 15 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N	leaves	Renovo	4 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 05 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 23 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 30 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sunday.

ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 45 p m
"	"	Renovo	11 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 58 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 27 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P.M.
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 45
1 40	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
1 48		6 15	Biehl	8 51		5 22
1 56		6 22	Vicksburg	8 43		5 15
2 09		6 33	Mifflinburg	8 33		5 03
2 27		6 48	Millmont	8 18		4 43
2 37		7 00	Laurelton	8 10		4 30
3 17		7 35	Paddy Mountain	7 35		3 48
3 30		7 49	Coburn	7 23		3 30
3 40		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 23
3 50		8 10	Rising Spring	7 06		3 15
4 00		8 19	Penn Cave	6 58		3 07
4 07		8 27	Centre Hall	6 50		3 00
4 12		8 34	Gregg	6 43		2 53
4 23		8 45	Linden Hall	6 36		2 45
4 27		8 52	Oak Hall	6 30		2 37
4 30		8 56	Lemont	6 25		2 31
4 36		9 03	Dale Summit	6 20		2 25
4 45		9 14	Pleasant Gap	6 09		2 12
4 51		9 19	Axemann	6 04		2 05
5 55		9 25	Bellefonte	6 00		2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6 00 p m and 7 30 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY

GUNS.

Double B, L. Shot Guns.....$ 9 00
" " " " Twist..... 11 00
" " " " and Pistol Grip..... 13 00
Double B. L. Shot Guns, Top Snap, Double bolt, Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Extension Rib, Pistol Grip, Patent Forcend, Solid Plungers, Matted Rib, Ornamented Rubber Butt, left barrel Choke bored, 10, 12 and 16 ganage..... 20 56
Little Breech-loading Squirrel Rifles from $4 00 to $7 00.

I am now able to sell guns as cheaply as anyone in America, and will meet any competitor's price.

The Hunting Public is respectfully requested to call and examine my stock, which is now arriving.

AGENT FOR VAN CAMPEN'S COMPOUND, (DYNAMITE.)

THEODORE DESCHNER,
Bellefonte, Pa
Great Central Gun Works.

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH.

I, W. Miles Walker, High Sheriff of the County of Centre, Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, do hereby make known and give notice to the electors of the county aforesaid, that an election will be held in said county of Centre, on

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1887,

(being the Tuesday next following the first Monday in November) at which time the following officers will be elected, to wit:

One person for the office of Supreme Judge of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for the office of State Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

One person for the office of Associate Judge for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Sheriff for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Treasurer for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Register for the county of Centre.

One person for the office of Recorder for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the offices of Commissioners for the county of Centre.

Three persons for the offices of Auditors for the county of Centre.

I also hereby make known and give notice that the places of holding the aforesaid election in the several boroughs and townships within the county of Centre are as follows, to wit:

For the township of Haines, at the public house of Thomas Edmunds, at Aaronsburg, west precinct.

Haines township, east precinct, at the school house in Woodward.

For the township of Halfmoon at the school house in Stormstown.

For the township of Taylor at the house erected for that purpose on the property of Leonard Meryman.

For the borough of Centre Hall in the school house in said borough.

For the township of Potter, north precinct, at the public house of D. J. Meyer in Centre Hall.

For the township of Potter, south precinct, at the public house of S. D. Burris in Potters Mills.

For the township of Gregg, northern precinct, at Murrys school house.

For the township of Gregg, southern precinct, at the public house owned by J. B. Fisher, of Penn Hall.

For the township of College at the school house at Lemont.

For the township of Ferguson, old precinct, in the school house at Pine Grove.

For the township of Ferguson, new precinct, in the school house at Baileyville.

For the township of Harris in the school house at Boalsburg.

For the township of Patton at the house of Peter Murray.

For the borough of Bellefonte, and the townships of Spring and Benner, at the Court house in Bellefonte.

For the borough and township of Howard at the school house of said borough.

For the township of Rush, northern precinct, at the Cold Stream school house.

For the township of Rush, southern precinct, at Powelton school house.

For the township of Snow Shoe, east precinct, at the school house in Snow Shoe town.

For the township of Snow Shoe, west precinct, at the Moshannon school house.

For the township of Marion at the house of Joel King in Jacksonville.

For the borough of Milesburg at the school house in Milesburg.

For the township of Boggs, north precinct, at the Curtin school house.

For the township of Boggs, south precinct, at Central City school House.

For the township of Huston at the Silver Dale school house.

For the township of Penn at the public house of Joseph Kleckner, Coburn.

For the borough of Millheim at the school house opposite the Evangelical church in said borough.

For the township of Liberty in the school house in Eagleville.

For the township of Worth at the school house in Port Matilda.

For the township of Burnside at the school house of J. K. Boak.

For the township of Curtin at the school house of Robert Manns.

For the borough of Unionville and the township of Union at the new school house at Unionville.

For the First and Second wards of the borough of Philipsburg at the large public school house.

For the Third ward of the borough of Philipsburg at the small public school house.

NOTICE is hereby given, "That all persons, excepting justices of the peace who shall hold an office or appointment of any profit or trust under the government of the United States, or of this State, or of any city or incorporated district, whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, subordinate officer or agent who is or shall be employed under the Legislature, Executive or Judiciary Department of this State, or of the United States, or of any city incorporated district; and also that every member of Congress or State Legislature, and of the select or common council of any city, or commissioners of any incorporated district, is by law capable of holding or exercising, at the same time, the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth; and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for.

TICKETS TO BE VOTED

The qualified electors will take notice on the following acts of Assembly, approved the 12th day of March, 1866: "An act regulating the mode of voting at all elections in the several counties of this Commonwealth."

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same. That the qualified electors for the several counties of the Commonwealth, at all general, township, borough and special elections are hereby authorized and required to vote by tickets, printed or written, or partly printed or partly written, severally classified as follows: One ticket shall embrace the names of judges of courts voted for and be labled outside "Judiciary;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the State officers to be voted for and shall be labeled "State," one ticket shall embrace the names of all the officers voted for, including the office of Senator and members of the Assembly, if voted for, and be ladled "County;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the township officers voted for, and be labled "township;" one ticket shall embrace the names of all the borough officers voted for, and be labled "Borough," and each class shall be deposited in separate ballot boxes.

W. MILES WALKER,
Sheriff of Centre County.

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A legitimate business can never be conducted on such a basis, as taxes, rent, insurance, etc., must be paid and a living earned. We do not conduct our business upon such a principle, and we only ask a reasonable advance on all our goods. We believe in

FAIR AND SQUARE

dealing and know that our goods and prices prove what we say. Give us a call and be convinced.

HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

NYE AND COLOROW.

A Copper-Complexioned Gentleman of Few Words—A Generous Offer of "Two Sleeps" That Was Promptly Accepted—A Speech by Colorow That Proved Fatal to His Hapless Stenographer.

HE recent ruction on the part of William H. Colorow, Duke of Rawhide Buttes and heir presumptive to the throne of Yellow Jacket Park, brings the Indian once more to our notice and teaches us that eternal vigilance is the price of Government land on the frontier. Sig. Colorow is of Indian parentage and his lineage, such as it is, is very long. His ancestors, says Bill Nye, in the New York *World*, runs back as far as the earliest dawn of the Christian era. They claimed the land extending in a southerly direction from the North Pole, and seemed to ignore the fact that it had been sold for taxes. The Indian has always been in favor of representation without taxation, and Colorow has believed in a community of grub, allowing the white man to retain a controlling interest in common, wet-browed toil. He has always been willing to divide his bread with the pale-face. He has offered, time and again, to give the white man the bread that was sweetened with honest sweat, while he took his plain. He says that to prefer bread that tastes of perspiration shows a depraved taste.

Colorow has for years been a terror to the people of Northwestern Colorado, Eastern Utah and Southern Wyoming. Every spring it used to be his custom to stroll into North Park and prospect for prospectors. Once he came to call on me. He had been there longer than I had, and so, of course, it was nothing more than etiquette that he should call on me.

He seemed to enjoy his call very much. I could not think of any thing to say, though generally I am of a bright and happy disposition. After I had asked him how his mother was, I could not think of any thing else to interest him. Finally I thought of Captain John Smith, and how he amused a hostile band by showing them his compass and new suspenders. I had no compass, but I had a new watch which I carried in a buckskin watch-pocket, and I thought I would show him the sweep-second and fly-back and let him see the wheels go round.

When Colorow is captured, if the United States of America has no use for that watch, I would be glad to have it returned to me at No 32 Park Row, New York.

Colorow is a man of few words. I will never forget what he said to me when he went away. He held up two fingers and said in a voice that did not seem to waver:

"Mebbe so, two sleeps more, you git out."

I sometimes think that when a man says very little we are more apt to take an interest in what he says. It was so in his case. I got to thinking over his remark after he had gone, and I decided to accept of his generous offer.

He had given me two sleeps; but I do not require much sleep anyway, and when I got to thinking about Colorow and his restless manner while he was my guest I could not sleep so well as I had formerly, and so I have been doing the most of my sleeping since that in a more thickly settled country. I remember I was so restless that last night that I walked feverishly about. I walked feverishly about twenty-five miles, I judge, in a northerly direction.

OLD CHIEF AND NYE.

I left a small but growing mine there at that time in charge of the Utes, and hope they used it judiciously.

The Ute Nation is divided into two sections—viz., the Southern Utes, who have been pretty generally friendly, and the Northern or White River Utes, who break out into fits of emotional insanity whenever their ponies get their bellies full of grass.

There are, however, two sides to the Indian question, viz., a right and a wrong side. That is why the Indian question wears so well.

One of the great wrongs incident to the matter is the great delay in officially reaching the War Department in such a way as to attract the eye of the speaker. By the time a courier can get in to a telegraph station and wire the Governor of a State, who notifies the Adjutant-General to write a dictated letter with his trenchent typewriter, apprising the commander of the department, who is at Coney Island or Carlsbad, with no typewriter nearer than fifteen miles, who wires the Governor to make active inquires about the matter, and by the time the Governor has sent a committee, who go within fifty miles of the scene of hostilities, and return at the end of six weeks to report that they do not know whether there has been an outbreak or not, and then when a ranchman is really killed and reputable eye-witnesses who were personally acquainted with deceased, and will swear that they have no interest in the result of the outbreak, come in and make a written and grammatical request for troops, and the War Department gets thoroughly rested, the Indians have gone home, washed the gore off their hands and resumed their quiet, humdrum life. Like trying to treat a man in Liverpool for softening of the brain by applying the mind cure per cable from New York, the remedy is too remote from the disease.

Indians are quick and impulsive in the matter of homicide. They are slow to grapple with any thing of a humorous nature, and all the humorous lecturers who have been on the Ute lecture course have lost money, but the holocaust line or general arson, torture and massacre business they act with astonishing rapidity. As a race, they regard the entire land as their own, just as the mosquitoes claim New Jersey, simply because they were there first.

Indians naturally dislike to see these lands in the possession of wealthy men whose sons earn a precarious livlihood by playing lawn tennis.

Colorow once made a short speech to his troops which was taken down at the first time by a gentleman who was present and who was collecting material for a new third reader for our common schools.

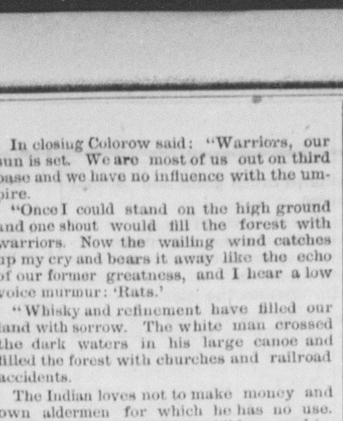
Colorow claimed that it was incorrect, and the notes were found afterwards on the stenographer's body, it is about as ticklish business to report an Indian speech as it is to poultice a boil on the person of the Ameer of Cabul.

In closing Colorow said: "Warriors, our sun is set. We are most of us out on third base and we have no influence with the umpire.

"Once I could stand on the high ground and one shout would fill the forest with warriors. Now the wailing wind catches up my cry and bears it away like the echo of our former greatness, and I hear a low voice murmur: 'Rats.'

"Whisky and refinement have filled our land with sorrow. The white man crossed the dark waters in his large canoe and filled the forest with churches and railroad accidents.

The Indian loves not to make money and own aldermen for which he has no use. He loves his wives and his children and intrusts them with the responsibility of doing all his work. The white man comes to us with honeyed words and says if we will divide our lands with him he will give us a present, and when we give him a county and a half he gives us a red collar-button and a blue book, in which he has written in his strange and silent language: 'When this you see, remember me.' Our warriors are weak and have the hearts of women. They care not for the war path or the chase. Most of them want to go on the stage. Once my warriors went with me at a moment's warning to clean out the foe. They slept in the swamps with the rattlesnakes at night and fought like wolves in the daytime. Now my warriors will not go on the warpath without a valise and some of them want to carry their dinner.



THE LAWN TENNIS CO.

"Some day, like the fall of a mighty oak in the forest, Colorow will fall to the earth, and he will rise no more. You will be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and will go no more to battle. Some of you will starve to death, while others will go to New York and wear a long linen duster, with the price of cut-rate tickets down the back. Some of you will die with snakes in your moccasins, and others will go to Jerusalem to help rob the Deadwood coach.

'Warriors' I thank you for your kind attention and appreciation. The regular outbreak will begin to-morrow evening at early candle light. The massacre will open with a song and dance."

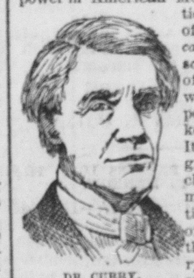
Colorow dresses plainly in a coat of paint and a gun.

DANIEL CURRY, D. D.

The Noted Methodist Divine Recently Deceased.

The death of Dr. Curry, says *Harper's*, takes from the Methodist Episcopal Church one of its strongest and best-known men. The long period of his public life, the rugged strength of his character, and his capacity for labor even in advanced age made him an important figure in the church's affairs. He was a native of Peekskill, N. Y., born there on November 26, 1808. He was one of a long-lived family, and had by no means reached the age attained by members of it still living. In 1837 he graduated from the Wesleyan University, Middleton, Conn., and entered with little delay, as was the Methodist practice then, upon his work as a minister. Two years, 1840 and 1841, were spent in Georgia, where he had charge of an academy. Several years were then spent in the pastorate in New York, Brooklyn, and the region adjacent. From 1855 to 1857 he was president of the Asbury University, at Greencastle, Ind.

Dr. Curry had passed middle life before attaining the influence which made him a power in American Methodism. His election to the editorship of the *Christian Advocate* in 1864 gave him scope for the exercise of his best abilities. It was a controversial period, and he was keen in controversy; It was a period when great questions in church and state demanded for their solution the best thoughts of the most capable thinkers, and Dr. Curry brought to their consideration a mind of unusual vigor. If events did not always prove the accuracy of his forecasts, he at least compelled a thorough sifting of every subject of debate. The position of editor of the *Christian Advocate* was held by him for twelve consecutive years. After 1876 he was for a time an associate editor of the *Methodist*. In 1880 he was elected editor of the *National Repository*, a monthly periodical which had, under the name of the *Ladies' Repository*, been in existence for more than a century. In 1884 he succeeded the late Dr. Whedon as editor of the *Methodist Review*. He was at this time in his seventy-sixth year, but was as vigorous in mind as most men are at fifty. Nor were there as yet any symptoms of bodily decay; and he entered upon this new service with the cheerful confidence of one who believes that life has still much in store for him. Though in this particular his hopes were not fulfilled, yet his vigor of mind showed from 1884 to 1887 no abatement. He read, wrote, and debated up to the time of his last illness with the zest of a young man.



DR. CURRY.

Dr. Curry was essentially a critic. It was as natural for him to challenge what other men thought or said as it was to breathe. Nothing was accepted by him which did not receive the assent of his strong understanding. His respect for great names and great authorities was slight. His own personality was so powerful that he swayed easily the average members of the Methodist ministry. For a large portion of them he was a leader implicitly followed. In private life he was most genial, and would forget in the pleasures of social companionship all the asperities of controversy. His literary remains are comprised in essays, mostly theological, published some years ago.

It Amused Him Hugely.

Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter—I am glad ter see yer in de Tabernacle so reg'lar, Mister Johnsing.

Johnsing—Yes, Parson, I'se dar every Sunday.

"I'se glad ter see you pay sich tenshun ter de sarmint."

"I don't pay no tenshuns ter de sarmint. I jess goes dar ter see yer swing yer arms around. Hit urmuses me."—*Texas Siftings.*

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT FROM the date of this notice we will do a strictly *cash* business, and positively decline to do any more "ticking." All orders for flour, feed and coal, must be accompanied with cash or no attention will be paid to them. We will buy all kinds of grain and pay cash for same, or exchange for flour, feed and coal. KURTZ & SON,
Feb. 3 1887. Centre Hall

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The following described real estate of Wm. Emerick, dec'd., consisting of a

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of land of which about 120 acres are clear and in a high state of cultivation, and under good fences The balance is

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with all necessary outbuildings, all in good condition. Thereon a good ORCHARD of choice fruit, also a running stream of never failing mountain water convenient to the premises.

There is also a rich bank of iron ore on part of the tract, on which several shafts have been sunk and ore beds found, one of which has a depth of 32 feet, within 110 rods of the railroad station.

Sale to begin at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known by GEORGE H. EMERICK,
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Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte.

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A RAILROAD HORROR.

A Fast Freight on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad Crashes into a Passenger Train—The Wreck Burned to the Trucks—Thirty Persons Said to be Killed and Many Injured.

CHICAGO, October 11.

Passenger train No.12, which left here at 7.45 last night, stopped just this side of Kouts at 9.45 to make some repairs. The freight train, No. 48, which should follow on instructions, received a clear bill at Boone Groove, six miles west of Kouts, and had got up a good speed when it crashed into the rear of the halted passenger train, which was unprotected with lights or fog torpedoes on the track. The night was dark, and the scene during the next half hour was dreadful. The rear coaches of the passenger train were smashed and telescoped so that three occupied less space than one. The live coals from the freight engine ignited the debris under which the wounded and dead were lying. Before substantial assistance could be rendered thirty people had died. Some were mercifully killed by the first shock, but many were slowly roasted to death. No one in the Pullman sleeper was hurt. The conductor telegraphed to his company here that all escaped before the fire reached the car, and none were injured in the collision. No means existed for checking the fire, and only after it had burned itself out was it possible to do anything for the few still alive imprisoned in the debris. Forty persons were wounded or burned, or both. All were on the train when it left Chicago, but no names were known up to 2.30 o'clock.

General Manager Broughton, with all the clerks and others who could be of any use at the scene, left as soon as he heard of the accident this morning. The way train, due here at 11.30 o'clock from Kouts was delayed several hours by the block on the track.

W. A. Duncan, of Syracuse, N. Y., arrived on this train. He saw the wreck. Eighteen or twenty is the number at which he places those known to have been killed. A number of these were burned before his eyes. A little Bohemian boy was hemmed in, but not reached by the fire, and saw his father, mother and two sisters slowly roasting before his eyes. He was dying as Mr. Duncan left. There was a doctor on the train, Mr. Duncan said, who lost his wife and daughters in the burning wreck. He could do absolutely nothing, and saw them encircled by seething tongues of fire and cremated.

The train was not taken over the track on which the wreck occured, but switched around, the remains of the train being still too hot to move.

A PASSENGER'S STORY.

Several passengers, who were on the ill-fated train, arrived in Chicago this afternoon. One of them, a gentleman from Taunton, Mass., who was on his way home, was sitting in the first car asleep. "The first I knew," said he, "I heard a frightful crash, and the car seemed shattered, and the pieces were flying past me. The next I knew I I found myself almost buried in the ruins and they seemed to keep piling up. I tried to extricate myself and found I was near a window. It was all dark and all around me were yells and groans, and the blackness made it fearful. I didn't seem to be hurt beyond being shaken up, so I called for help out of the window. Some man, I don't know who, helped me out, and then I turned in and helped to get others out. A little while after I got out, though, the whole thing took fire, and we were forced to give up working on it bit by bit and let it burn, with the horrible cries of those held inside in our cars. At one place there were two or three women apparently all together, and we tried to get them out. They were shrieking all the time in a manner to freeze one's blood, for the fire was coming nearer to them all the time. We worked as long as we could, but could not get them out, and the fire came all around them and finally silenced their screams. To hear their desperate cries as the fire came nearer and nearer and finally reached them, was simply appalling. The wreck burned to the trucks, no facilities being on hand to extinguish the fire. A carload of the injured was taken eastward from the wreck this forenoon. They were maimed, bruised and burned, some quite badly."

LACK OF FACILITIES.

Frank Cramer, the General Western Agent of the Gulon Line of steamers, was on board the wreck train, but escaped uninjured. "The first we who were in the sleeping car knew of the accident," said Mr. Cramer, "our coach was run into from the rear. The forward coaches, it seems, were telescoped by the shock. There were only seven passengers, I think, in the sleeper, and none of them were killed or injured. I was asleep when the shock occurred. I dressed myself and, when I got off the wreck, I saw that the whole train was ablaze. Many who were killed or seriously wounded must have been burnt up, as the fire broke out as soon as the accident occurred. The trainmen did what they could to relieve the wounded, but facilities were lacking, and many people doubtless perished in the flames because no help could reach them."

Dr. McKee stated that only nine bodies had been recovered, and they were so badly charred as to be almost beyond recognition, the most left of any of them being a blackened trunk, and in some cases little beyond a few handfuls of ashes. The nine were as follows: The Miller family of Dundee, father, mother, two brothers and a girl, (their 14-year-old boy Herman will probably die also); Dr. Perry, of North Judson, Indiana; Dr. Perry's wife, Dr. Perry's daughter, aged 11; a young Irish lady.

The killed and wounded were taken from the scene of the wreck to Huntington early this afternoon accompanied by the Coroner.

THE KILLED.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—The *Daily News* special from Kouts, Ind., says: Twenty passengers are known to have escaped, only two or three of whom are injured. When daylight came the remains of ten people were found, and this, the railroad officials claim, is the extent of the fatalities.

No one knows how many passengers were on the ill-fated train. Superintendent Parson claims that the number was very small, but survivors claim that there were fully fifty passengers in the two coaches. How many occupied the sleeper is unknown. The victims, so far as known, are:

Dr. William Perry, of North Judson, Ind.
Mrs. William Perry.
Grace Perry, aged 10.
Charles Miller, aged 50.
Mrs. Lena Miller, aged 48.
Minnie Miller, aged 7.
Fred. Miller, aged 20.
William Miller, aged 17.

Two unknown persons complete the list of the dead as certainly established.

It is impossible to obtain a list of the wounded on the train, as only two are left behind. They are: Herman Miller, aged 14, skull fractured and right leg shattered; recovery impossible. Joseph McCool, aged 24, of Boston, injured about back and limbs.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—A few days ago a wealthy coal operator of Pittsburg received a letter from New York inviting his co-operation in a scheme to defraud the Government of $100,000. The letter was signed C. H. Bedell, but gave no details. The coal operator informed the police, and then made an appointment with Bedell for the 11th, but he did not appear. The police of New York have been notified.

—The officers of the Department of Customs at Ottawa, Ontario, have seized a large quantity of rubber shoes and clothing imported by a St. John New Brunswick, merchant named Mullin, at an undervaluation.

—In Monroe county, Georgia, on the 9th, A. J. Goin and William Hand between whose families there had been a feud for several years, met each other on the public road. After some words they fired at each other. Hand was killed and Goin mortally wounded.

—An express train on the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad collided with a freight train on a side track, owing to a misplaced switch, at Warren, Ohio, on the 11th. Both engines and more than a dozen cars were demolished. Engineer Fessenden and Fireman Adsit were badly hurt, but the passengers escaped with a severe shaking up.

—A despatch from Brownsville, Texas, says reports of another hurricane in the Gulf moving westward create great uneasiness there. Seven inches of rain fell on the evening of the 10th, and the Rio Grande is higher than ever before. The whole country along the river is inundated. In Matamoras the flood has spread greatly. The steamer Aranzas has been two days off the bar unable to communicate with the town on account of the rough weather.

—At Bethlehem, Penna., on the 11th a monument erected at a cost of $4000 to the soldiers and sailors of that town who died in the war for the Union was unveiled in presence of a large assemblage. There was a civic and military parade, which included Grand Army Posts from all the towns in the Lehigh Valley and from Trenton, New Jersey; also secret and benevolent societies and firemen. Governor Beaver, Major A. Wilson Norris and General W. E. Doster made addresses.

—Dr. Wall, President of the Health Board, of Tampa, Florida, telegraphs to Surgeon General Hamilton, in reply to an inquiry as to the nature of the disease there: "It is unquestionably yellow fever, though popular sentiment of those remaining here is against me. Albumen in the urine, with the characteristic icteric hue. One death on the 10th. It is all over the place and the city authorities are doing nothing." Three new cases and one death were reported on the 11th. The fatal case was marked by the characteristic black vomit.

—A deposit of gold yielding about $800 per ton is said to have been discovered in Buckingham township Quebec,

—It is reported from Brownsville, Texas, that the rancheros in pursuit of the abductors of Senator Berrera, caught and "executed" five of them in Starr county. Berrera, it may be remembered, was recently captured by bandits and held eight days until $1500 was paid by the family for his release. Before being killed the bandits confessed a plot to capture and hold for ransom a prominent capitalist named Yeurna. A colored man drowned his wife at Ponchatoula, Louisiana, on the afternoon of the 10th, because she refused to live with him any longer. While she was drowning her brother appeared and shot his sister's murderer, who sank with the body of his victim to the bottom of the Amite river.

—The dead body of a young woman, supposed to be Anna Zofinski, aged 19 years, who disappeared from Nanticoke three weeks ago, was found on the afternoon of the 12th on a mountain side near Plymouth, Penna. She had apparently been murdered.

—For the past four days forest fires have been raging in Sonoma, Alameda, San Mateo and Santa Cruz counties, California, all in the vicinity of the Bay of California. Several fine farms have been completely burned over and the ground is covered with carcases of all kinds of dead animals. Many families have been rendered homeless. Fire broke out on the 12th in the cargo of the British steamship Hugh Lenden, loading at Savannah, Georgia, for Liverpool, and at last accounts was burning fiercely. The vessel has four thousand bales of cotton on board. The fire was extinguished after seventeen hundred bales of cotton were damaged by smoke and water.

—Snow fell in Utica, New York, on the morning of the 12th. It was the first of the season. The first snow of the season at Middlebury, Vermont, fell on the morning of the 12th. The tops of the Adirondacks are white. Frost was reported as far south as Gibson, Mississippi, on the evening of the 11th.

—R. S. Hicks, cashier of the Stafford Springs National Bank, in Stafford Springs, Connecticut, was arrested on the 12th, on the charge of misappropriating the funds of the bank. It is said the defalcation will exceed $100,000, but the exact amount will not be known until returns are made from various New York and Boston banks. It was Hicks' method to falsify the books so as to show excessive amounts due from those banks. He confessed to having taken $73,000. The capital stock of the bank is $200,000 and the surplus $24,000, while the undivided profits amount to over $3000. Hicks gave bail in $40,000.

—A telegram was received in Ottawa, Ontario, on the 12th, saying that five men and a span of horses on McKay and Doherty's Limits have been missing since the 10th, and it is believed they were drowned in Kippewa lake while crossing on a frail ferry boat.

—The Coroner at Huntingdon, Indiana, on the 12th, began an investigation of the facts attending the collision on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad, at Kouts, on the evening of the 10th. It was testified that eighteen passengers were taken out and nine killed and burned. All the trainmen examined claimed that the night was foggy, and that danger signals could not be seen until they were right upon them.

—"The best counterfeit five-dollar gold piece ever seen in the West" was, on the 12th, received at the Government building, in Chicago, from the post-office at Cuba, Illinois. "It was perfect in form, size and weight, and was marked as having been coined in 1855." J. A. Newsome has been arrested in Coleman, Texas, on the charge of being the lone highwayman who several times robbed the stage between Ballinger and San Angelo.

—It is reported from Kansas City that during the President's reception there on the 12th one man was killed and several persons were injured by the fall of a crowded platform.

—A disastrous storm occurred on the southern coast of Mexico, on the 7th and 8th inst. Quelito, a city of more than 8000 people, was totally destroyed, and many lives lost. No particulars can be obtained, as the wires are down. Despatches state that the supposition is that there were a number of wrecks in the gulf, but the facts cannot be ascertained. It is reported that the entire coffee and orange crop in Similoa is destroyed.

—Michael Rogers, driver, was thrown from a chemical engine while going to a fire in Syracuse, New York, on the 12th. The wheels passed over his chest and he died in a short time.

—In an interview in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, Dr. T. G. McLure, of Boone Grove, who was active in aiding the sufferers at the wreck at Kouts, on the Chicago and Atlantic Railroad, says: "Those remains which were removed are of persons who were sitting on the seats near the windows, and fell outwards when the charred frame-work fell to pieces, but those who were sitting inside, and whose remains fell on the rails, were burned to powder, and not a vestige of them, except, perhaps, a few pieces of bone would be found. The heat between these rails was sufficient to have destroyed all the remains. In such a heat, when the charred mass cooled, it would go to powder by embers falling on it and nothing would ever be known of them." Dr. McLure states the number burned to death as "at least sixteen or eighteen." He says that at Miller's Hotel, in Kouts, after the accident, there were seventeen injured persons—seven women and ten men. The porter of the rear Pullman car on the wrecked train stated that the tickets in the possession of the conductor showed that nineteen passengers were missing. The porter himself counted fifteen bodies.

—Minnie Demor, 17 years old, the adopted daughter of James Henderson, of Manistee, Michigan, has confessed that she smothered the baby which died suddenly a few weeks ago, because she did not want to nurse it. She poisoned the cows so she would not have to milk them, and set fire to Henderson's house five times. Carlos Perca killed a man in Los Cruces, New Mexico, some months ago. He was tried and condemned, but was granted a new trial, and in the interval was released on bail. He fled and was living under an assumed name, at Ysleta, when arrested on the 12th by two officers, while in a hack riding to El Paso. Perca fatally stabbed Officer Trujillo, and then made an attack on Officer Gaskey, but the latter was too quick and shot Perca dead. Alcalde Pino, a Mexican, and Thomas Wright, a cowboy, quarrelled about the ownership of a cow at Grant, New Mexico, on the 13th. Pino shot and killed Wright, whereupon a young man named Bell, who was working for Wright, shot and killed Pino.

—An accommodation train on the Missouri Pacific Railroad was run into at a station near Independence, Missouri, on the morning of the 13th, by an express train. A woman standing on the platform of the station was killed by flying debris, and three persons on the train were severely injured. Many others suffered slight injuries by trying to break through the windows. The collision was caused by the failure of the despatcher to notify the express conductor that the accommodation had preceded him.

—One more body, making seven in all, has been found in the ruins of the chapel and laundry connected with the Northern Ohio Insane Asylum, near Cleveland, which were burned on the night of the 12th. It is thought all the injured inmates will recover. Three escaped patients were captured on the 13th, and only two are now unaccounted for.

—A prairie fire was started by a threshing machine, near Lake Benton, Minnesota, on the 13th. At last accounts it was spreading rapidly, and had consumed much grain and several farm houses.

—A despatch from Havana says a cyclone swept over the southwest portion of the city on the 13th, moved in a westerly direction. It was raining heavily throughout the island.

—The money taken from the Pacific Express Company by Messsenger John B. Owen has all been recovered. It was found on the 12th concealed in a barrel of ashes in the rear of Owen's residence in St. Louis. The amount found was $33 000. Owen told the detectives where he had hidden the money. A burglar entered a dwelling on the outskirts of Fond du Lac, Wisconsin occupied by Mrs. William Koehne and her four daghters on the morning of the 13th. Upon being discovered he attacked the five women wit a club, seriously injuring all of them, and then made his escape. He secured but $3 as booty. A reward has been offered for his arrest.

—A telegram from Nogales, Arizona, says that all attempts to get news of the storm on the southern coast have failed. It is believed, however, that the cities of Mazatlan and San Blas "have been wholly if not partially destroyed by the tidal wave."

—The deficit in the account of th National Bank of Stafford Springs Connecticut, according to an estimate by the bank examiner on the 13th, reached $84,000. "Aside from the above, the bad debts amounted to $70,000, in addition to what is recorded in the books in the way of notes, making an aggregate of over $159,000. The Comptroller of the Currency said on the 13th that he did not expect to receive a report in the case of the Stafford Bank for several days, but from what he knew he was satisfied that the depositors will sustain no loss. The Cleveland Drug Company, of Cleveland, Ohio, made an assignment on the 13th. Liabilities, $50,000; assets, $60,000.

—Dr. Joseph Y. Porter, President of the Health Board of Key West, who is also an army surgeon, having gone to Tampa to investigate the epidemic, the order to Surgeon Guiteras to go there has been revoked. Six new cases and two deaths were reported in Tampa on the 13th. A death from yellow fever in Palatka, Florida, was reported on the 13th.

—All telegraphic communication with Charleston, South Carolina, was suddenly interrupted at 25 minutes past 12 o'clock on the morning of the 15th, and no definite explanation of the cause is given. Associated Press despatches report a high wind in that city on the afternoon of the 14th, and also a large fire raging at Magnolia, one of its suburbs. United Press despatches report that an earthquake shock occurred in Charleston at midnight, and that it was felt slightly in Augusta, but the Associated Press telegrams say that "no earthquake symptoms have developed at Augusta or Savanah, which are the nearest points to Charleston with which communication is open." Later in the morning telegraphic communication was opened with Summerville, twenty miles from Charleston, "but the telegraphers there have no explanation to offer for the sudden interruption of the Charleston wires. They report no atmospheric or terrestrial disturbance." A still later telegram says the interruption may have been caused by a fire among the large phosphate factories.

—The verdict of the Coroner in the Kouts disaster was made public on the 14th in Valparaiso, Indiana. It was found that the collision which caused the death of nine persons "resulted from carelessness or negligence on the part of the train despatcher and the engineer of the fast freight, No. 48, and censuring the company for allowing a crippled engine, pulling a passenger train to be on the road a few minutes in advance of a fast freight, and by the negligence of Engineer Dorsey in not providing his engine with sand and his recklessness in running at such a rate of speed through the fog."

—The boiler in a saw mill in Centreville, West Virginia, exploded on the evening of the 13th, killing three men and completely wrecking the engine and mill.

—The Marine Hospital Bureau on the 14th received a telegram from Dr. Porter, President of the Key West Board of Health, announcing his arrival in Tampa, Florida, on the morning of the 13th, and saying: "Have seen cases indiscriminately. The disease is undoubtedly yellow fever, presenting the characteristic tests." There were three deaths from the fever on the evening of the 13th, and several new cases reported on the 14th. The case of yellow fever reported in Palataka, on the 13th, did not originate there. The victim was a refugee from Tampa. The hause where he died was quarantined and the bedding and effects were burned.

THE MARKETS.

PROVISIONS—		
Beef city fam bl	8 50 @	9 00
Hams	18 — @	19½ —
Pork Mess	16 — @	— —
Prime Mess, new	15 50 @	— —
Sides smoked	— 10¼ @	— 10¾
Shoulders smoked	— 7 @	— 7¼
do in salt	— 6¾ @	— 7
Smoked Beef	— 14 @	— 16
Lard Western bls	6 87½ @	7 —
Lard loose	6 50 @	6 75
FLOUR—		
West. and Pa. sup	2 25 @	2 65
Pa. Family	3 50 @	3 75
Minn Clear	— — @	4 25
Pat. Wht Wh's	4 30 @	4 60
Rye Flour	3 25 @	3 30
GRAIN—		
Wheat No. 1 red	86 @	—
Rye	— — @	— —
Corn, No. 2 White	— — @	— —
No. 3	51¾ @	52
Oat, No. 1 White, new	37¾ @	— —
No. 2 do new	36¾ @	36¾
No. 2 Mixed, new	35 @	— —
FISH—		
Mackerel, Large 1s	40 — @	— —
No. 2 Shore	18 — @	— —
Herring, Lab	— — @	6 50
SUGAR—		
Powdered	6 3-16 @	6⅜
Granulated	6 1-16 @	6⅜
Confec. A	5 ⅞ @	—
HAY AND STRAW—		
Timothy, choice	15 50 @	16 00
Mixed	13 50 @	— —
Cut Hay	14 50 @	15 00
Rye Straw	17 — @	— —
Wheat Straw	— — @	— —
WOOL—		
Ohio, Penna and W. Va. Fleece XX and above	31 @	33
Common	30 @	32
Unwashed medium	28 @	30

BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW:

Or, Perseverance Must Conquer.

Minna was getting discouraged. Everything seemed to be going wrong, from the time the coffee come up cold and the toast had been burnt at breakfast, which had given Ferdinand an opportunity to stick up his nose. Ferdinand was her cousin, and considered himself a great swell, so she did not like to give him an opportunity to find fault with her housekeeping. She was wondering how all the money was to be found to pay for the luxuries her mother had ordered to tempt his aristocratic palate, for she was only allowed so much to set the table and pay expenses with.

"It's like trying to make bricks without straw," she said to herself as she paid the cook and found that she had only $4 left to finish the week on. "I do wish mamma was something of a housekeeper." Then she sat down and had a good cry. She was glad to see her cousin Cuthbert Craig drop in an hour later when she had composed her nerves somewhat.

Cuthburt looked about him with a comprehensive glance, which failed not to include Minna's tear-swollen eyelids.

"How is cousin Harriet? Is she at home?"

"Mamma has been perfectly well all the Winter. She has gone to Kate's this morning. Ferdinand is with us, making us a little visit. I am sorry he is not here to see you."

Cuthbert did not look distressed. They were not friends, those two cousins, Cuthbert and Ferdinand. It was Cuthbert of whom Ferdinand had been speaking at the breakfast-table, in his old way. "Cuthbert," he had said, deliberately, "is a man who will never make any money as long as he lives." Mrs. Barney had suggested that he had his profession. "His profession!" echoed Ferdinand, contemptuously. "What is the profession of a young doctor without money or influence? If Cuthbert keeps himself in shoeblacking for the next ten years it will be as much as he can do."

By which it will be seen that Ferdinand did not appreciate his distant relationship to Dr. Cuthbert Craig.

This young doctor, whom Ferdinand had condemned to the perpetual bondage of poverty, settled himself more comfortably in his chair and looked at the fire, then at Minna.

"How pretty your rooms are," he said at last.

"Oh, do you think so?" Minna drew a long breath that was almost a sigh.

"Yes, they are very pretty. You have made them artistic."

"Artistic, Cuthbert? With a carpet that slaps you in the face!"

"The carpet is bad. It might be worse, however. You did not choose it?"

"Oh, never! It was already here."

"You have used your materials skilfully, Minna."

"There was so little to use, said she despondently.

"Therein lies the merit, doesn't it There are no heroes ready made. There never would be a victory, if there never was a fight."

Minna did not answer. Those provoking tears would come back again! Cuthbert's eyes had a flash in them, which she did not see, owing to those same troublesome tears.

"By the way, Minne," said Cuthbert, presently, "will you go to Thomas's Concert with me this evening?"

Cuthbert having announced his departure, seemed in no haste to go. He walked around the room, regarding first one object of art, then another.

"Don't examine everything so closely, Cuthbert," said Minna, laughing. "You must merely glance at the general effect. I do not want things looked at in detail."

"And does that rule extend to yourself?" said Cuthbert, turning suddenly upon her.

"Yes," said Minna, though she colored.

"You did not tell me in time," said he, quietly. "What was it Minna?" he continued. "Won't you tell me what caused all those tears?"

"The old story, Cuthbert. Trying to make bricks without straw."

"Perhaps you try to make too many bricks, Minna?"

"The house must be built you know."

"What represents straw in the present instance?"

"Oh, many things. A little more strength, and a little more time and——"

"And a little more courage and perseverance," added Cuthbert with a smile.

"That is easy for you to say, Cuthbert. You are so strong in both."

"Am I, indeed? I was thinking of borrowing straw from you. Perhaps you can effect a profitable exchange of commodities. Think it over, will you? Good-by."

Dr. Craig came for his cousin that evening in the coslest of coupes. He brought her, too, a bunch of freshest lillies-of-the-valley. Minna fastened a handful in her dress, and through the evening their heavenly odor linked itself with every tender strain that rose.

When they reached home the fire was out and the room cold, yet Cuthbert lingered.

"Minna," he said abruptly, "did you know that I had got that place in the life insurance?"

Her voice, in reply, was quite low:

"The place of examining physician? Was not that the one you wanted?"

"Yes," said Cuthbert, with a sudden fervor. "I did want it, and I worked hard for it with one purpose, with one end in view. He bent over her chair. "You know what that was—my one love." She spoke not. He went on, passionately:

"Have I been trying to make my bricks without straw? Have I been work ng and hoping in vain?"

"No Cuthbert," she answered, softly, placing her hand in his, "not in vain."

—Soft wood compressed by hydraulic machinery is reported to be a useful substitute for box-wood for the manufacture of loom shuttles.

Gazing Into Shop Windows.

One young man was walking reflectively along, and the class of articles that seemed to interest him were very peculiar indeed. He stopped in front of a large display of laces and read with great satisfaction the sign, "Prices completely wrecked. Only five cents a yard." "Cheap enough," he muttured, and passed on by window after window of smokers' articles, beautiful paintings, gentlemen's canes and hats, till he came to a display of ladies gloves. Here he tarried a long time. A while after he was standing in front of a display of wall paper. What was he thinking about and why was he alone? Was he on the verge of some mental Rubicon, the crossing of which was connected in some way with the prices of laces, gloves and wall paper?

Perhaps the most interesting observation of human nature that can be taken during a walk by the shop windows, and one requiring no very keen powers of perception, is afforded by stepping up in front of any deserted window. It is not necessary that there be anything on exhibition. Let there be nothing inside but a bare shelf. Stand there a moment gazing within and soon somebody else will step up beside you, then another, and within a minute or two there will be several. The experiment can be repeated again and again with uniform success.

Drinking Buk.

The reason commonly given by ladies why they do not like beer is that it is "so bitter," bu the real reason is that women are rarely enabled to drink beer under favorable circumstances. The essence of beer lies in its aromatic gas. If that is allowed to escape the beer tastes stale, flat and bitter, and gives rise to headaches and indigestion, whereas with the gas it is palatable, wholesome, and an aid to digestion. To get it in this state it must be taken from a key freshly tapped and drank on the spot without much delay; and since women of the higher classes in this country do not frequent localities where beer is kept on tap, they never have an opportunity to find out how good beer really "tastes," for bottled beer consumed at home is always vastly inferior to keg beer. In Munich, however, which is the paradise of beer drinkers, women are as fond of beer as men, because it is considered perfectly proper for the best families to visit the festively illuminated beer gardens in the evening. In Munich, too, every mug and glass has a lid to prevent the gas from escaping too rapidly. This gas must not be confounded with the artificial foam which dishonest bartenders produce in a glass by holding it far below the faucet, a practice which not only compels the guest to pay for half a glass of empty foam, but which allows the real gas to escape prematurely.

The Rise of the Rose.

It is to the small rose of China that we owe the most marked advance toward the modern standard. The tea rose had the habit of blooming, not annually alone, as did all in Europe before its introduction, but continuously, or at least in monthly crops. This habit of the Chinese rose was taken advantage of and was artificially hybridized with other larger growing sorts—with damask and Provence roses, old favorites of the garden; with the single yellow and the Persian roses—and from the progeny thus obtained—with infinite and pains, have come such triumphs of the gardener's art as Marechal Neil, La France and Catharine Mermet. All of these have also some of the properties of the tea rose; they have also some of the marks of the various quarterings of their pedigree, and one may say that of their production strains have been produced from every quarter of the northeastern hemisphere.

Heredity in Handwrting.

Do you believe in heredity in handwriting? A friend advocates the theory to me with much show of reason. His life has been a long one, and he says that now, in noticing the signatures of children of friends of his, he is frequently startled by the close relationship of their penmanship to that of their parents. Inquiry does not demonstrate that the children have intentionally copied the handwriting of their sires, but without intent have come into the same pen pecularities. In some instances the difference between two could scarcely be distinguished. The student of heredity and its many whims has here a new field of labor that might prove interesting in the development.

How Carrier Pigeons are Trained.

The training of carrier pigeons begins as soon as they are strong enough to fly. The young birds are taken in a covered basket to a place about a half a mile from their home and set free. Those which do not go home are considered worthless; those which do so at once are tried again, the distance being increased each time, until it is found that they will go back, no matter how far away they may be carried. The messages conveyed by these birds are usually written or photograped on very thin paper, and tied around the leg of one of the tail feathers in such a manner that they do not impede the flight of the birds.

Spain is to have the luxury of dining cars on her railways, under the management of a special company, which has obtained a concession of the right of running them for 20 years.

According to Dr. Van Der Ven's researches phosphor-bronze in telephone lines has about 30 per cent. of the conducting power of copper, silicon-bronze about 70 per cent., while the steel as used in wires has only about 10.5 per cent.

WIRE netting, two-inch mesh, is said now to be cheaper than boards for fencing poultry, and more easily arranged with less labor.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Humiliated Prince.

"For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, for your sakes He became poor."—II Cor. 8 : 9.

THAT all the worlds which, on a cold winter's night, make the heavens one great glitter, are inhabitantless, is an absurdity. Philosophers tell us that many of these worlds are too hot or too cold, or too rarefied of atmosphere for residence. But, if not fit for human abode, they may be fit for beings different from and superior to ourselves. We are told that the world of Jupiter is changing until it is almost fit for creatures like the human race, and that Mars would do for the human family, with a little change in the structure of the respiratory organs. But that there is a great world somewhere, vast beyond imagination, and that it is

THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNIVERSE

and the metropolis of immensity, and has a population in numbers vast beyond all statistics, and appointments of splendor beyond the capacity of canvas or poem or angel to describe, is as certain as the Bible is authentic. Perhaps some of the astronomers, with their big telescopes, have already caught a glimpse of it, not knowing what it is. We spell it with six letters and pronounce it Heaven.

That is where Prince Jesus lived nineteen centuries ago. He was the King's son. It was the old homestead ot eternity, and all its castles were as old as God. Not a frost had ever chilled the air. Not a tear had rolled down the cheek of one of its inhabitants. There had never been in it a headache, or a sideache, or a heartache. There had not been a funeral in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There had never, in all the land, been woven a black veil, for there had never been anything to mourn over. The passage of millions of years had not wrinkled or crippled or bedimmed any of its citizens. All the people there were in a state of eternal adolescence. What floral and pomonic richness! Gardens of perpetual bloom, and orchards in unending fruitage. Had some spirit from another world entered and asked, "What is sin? what is bereavement? what is sorrow? what is death? the brightest of the intelligences would have failed to give definition, though to study the question there were silence in Heaven for half an hour.

THE PRINCE

of whom I speak, had honors, emoluments, acclamations, such as no other prince, celestial or terrestrial, ever enjoyed. As He passed the street, the inhabitants took off from their brows garlands of white lilies, and threw them in the way. He never entered any of the temples witnout all the worshippers rising up and bowing in obeisance. In all the processions of the high days He was the one who evoked the loudest welcome. Sometimes on foot, walking in loving talk with the humblest of the land, but at other times He took chariot, and, among the twenty thousand that David spoke of, His was the swiftest and most flaming; or, as when John described Him, He took a white palfrey with what prance of foot, and arch of neck, and roll of mane, and gleam of eye, is only dimly suggested in the Apocalypse. He was not like other princes, waiting for the Father to die and then take the throne. When a few years ago an artist in Germany made a picture for the Royal Gallery representing Emperor William on the throne, and the Crown Prince as having one foot on the step of the throne, Emperor William ordered the picture changed, and said. "Let the prince keep his foot off the throne till I leave it."

ALREADY ENTHRONED

was the Heavenly Prince side by side with the Father. What a circle of dominion! What myrmiodns of admirers! What unending round of glories! All the towers chime the Prince's praises! Of all the inhabitants, from the centre of the city, on over the hills and clear down to the beach against which the ocean of immensity rolls its billows, the Prince was the acknowledged favorite. No wonder my text says: "He was rich." Set all the diamonds of the earth in one sceptre, build all the palaces of the earth in one Alhambra, gather all the pearls of the sea in one diadem, put all the values of the earth in one coin, the aggregate would not express his affluence. Yes, Paul was right. Solomon had in gold six hundred and eighty million pounds, and in silver one billion twenty-nine million three hundred and seventy-seven pounds sterling. But

A GREATER THAN SOLOMON.

is here. Not the millionaire, but the quadrillionaire of heaven. To describe His celestial surroundings the Bible uses all colors, gathering them in rainbow over the throne, and setting them as agate in the temple window, and hoisting twelve of them into a wall, from a striped jasper, at the base, to transparent amethyst in the capstone, while between are green of emerald and snow of pearl, and blue of sapphire, and yellow of topaz, gray of chrysoprasus, and flame of jacinth. All the loveliness of landscape in foliage, and river, and rill, and all enchantment aquamarine, the sea of glass, mingled with fire, as when the sun sinks in the Mediterranean. All the thrill of music, instrumental and vocal, harps, trumpets, doxologies. There stood the Prince, surrounded by those who had under their wings the velocity of millions of miles in a second, rich in love, rich in adoration, rich in power, rich in worship, rich in holiness, rich as God. But one day there was

A BIG DISASTER

in a department of God's universe. A race fallen! A world in ruins! Our planet the scene of catastrophe! A globe swinging out into darkness, with mountains, and seas, and islands, an awful centrifugal of sin seeming to overpower the beautiful centripetal of righteousness, and from it a groan reached heaven. Such a sound had never been heard there. Plenty of sweet sounds, but never an outcry of distress, or an echo of agony. At that one groan the Prince rose from all the blissful circumjacence, and started for the outer gate, and descended into the night of this world. Out of what a bright harbor into what rough sea. "Stay with us," cried angel after angel, and potentate after potentate. "No," said the Prince; "I cannot stay; I must be off for

THAT WRECK OF A WORLD.

I must stop that groan. I must hush that distress. I must fathom that way. I must redeem those nations. Farewell, thrones and temples, companions cherubic, seraphic, archangelic! Excuse this absence, for I will come back again, carrying on my shoulders a ransomed world. Till this is done I choose earthly scoff to heavenly acclamation, and a cattle pen to a king's palace, frigid zone of earth to atmosphere of celestial radiance. I have no time to lose, for hark ye to that groan that grows mightier while I wait. Farewell! Farwell!" "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."

Was there ever a contrast so overpowering as that between the noonday of Christ's celestial departure and the midnight of

HIS EARTHLY ARRIVAL?

Sure enough, the angels were out that night in the sky, and especial meteor acted as escort, but all that was from other worlds, and not from this world. The earth made no demonstration of welcome. If one of the great princes of this world steps out at a depot, cheers resound, and the bands play, and the flags wave. But for the arrival of this Missionary Prince of the skies not a torch flared, not a trumpet blew, not a plume fluttered. All the music and the pomp were overhead. Our world opened for Him nothing better than a barn door. The rajah of Cashmere sent to Victoria a bedstead of carved gold and a canopy that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but the world had for the Prince of heaven and earth only a litter of straw. The crown jewels in the Tower of London amount to fifteen million dollars, but this Member of Eternal Royalty had nowhere to lay His head. to know

HOW POOR HE WAS,

ask the camel-drivers, ask the shepherds, ask Mary, ask the three wise men of the East who afterwards came there, young Caspar and middle-aged Balthasar and old Melchior. To know how poor He was, examine all the records of real estate in all that Oriental country, and see what vineyard, or what house, or what field He owned. Not one. Of what tenement was he the landlord? Of what lease was He the lessee? Who ever paid Him rent? Not owning the boat on which He sailed, or the beast on which He rode, or the pillow on which He slept, *or the tomb in which he was buried.* He had so little estate that to pay His tax He had to perform a miracle. And after His death the world rushed in to take an inventory of His goods, and the entire aggregate was the garments He had worn, sleeping in them at night and traveling in them by day, bearing on them the dust of the highway and the saturation of the sea. Paul in my text did not go far from hitting the mark, did he, when he said of the Missionary Prince: "For your sakes he became poor?"

The world could have treated Him better if it had chosen. It had all the means for making His earthly condition comfortable. Only a few years before, when Pompey, the general, arrived at Brindisi he was greeted with arches and a costly column, which celebrated the twelve million people whom he had killed or conquered, and he was allowed to wear his triumphal robe in the Senate. The world had

APPLAUSE FOR IMPERIAL BUTCHERS,

but buffeting for the Prince of Peace. Plenty of golden chalices for the favored to drink out of, but our Prince must put His lips to the bucket of the well by the roadside after He had begged for a drink. Poor? Born in another man's barn and eating at another man's table, and cruising the lake in another man's fishing smack, and buried in another man's mausoleum. Four inspired authors wrote of His biography, and innumerable lives of Christ have been published, but He composed His autobiography in most compressed way. He said: "I have trodden the wine-press alone."

Poor in the estimation of nearly all the prosperous classes. They called Him Sabbath-breaker, wine-bibber, traitor, blasphemer, and ransacked the dictionary of opprobrium from lid to lid to express their detestation. I can think now of only two well-to-do men who espoused His cause, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. His friends for the most part were people who, in that climate where ophthalmia or inflammation of the eyeball sweeps ever and anon as a scourge had become blind, sick people who were anxious to get well, and troubled peopled in whose family there was some one dead or dying. If He had a purse at all it was empty, or we would have heard what was done with the contents at the post mortem. Poor? The pigeon in the dove-cote, the rabbit in its burrow, the silk worm, in its cocoon, the bee in its hive is better provided for, better off, better sheltered. Aye, the brute creation has a home which Christ has not.

If on windy days the raven
Gambol like a dancing skiff,
Not the less he loves his haven
On the bosom of the cliff,
If almost with eagle pinion
O'er the Alps the chamois roam,
Yet he has some small dominion
Which no doubt he calls his home.

But the Crown Prince of all heavenly dominion has less than the raven, or the chamois, for

HE WAS HOMELESS,

Aye, in the history of the universe there is no other instance of such coming down. Who can count the miles from the top of the throne to the bottom of the Cross? Cleopatra, giving a banquet to Antony, took a pearl worth a hundred thousand dollars and dissolved it in vinegar and swallowed it. But when our Prince, according to the Evangelist, in His last hours took the vinegar, in it had been dissolved all the pearls of His heavenly royalty. Down until there was no other depth for Him to touch, troubled until there was no other harassment to suffer, poor until there was no other pauperism to torture, Billions of dollars spent in wars to destroy men, who will furnish the statistics of the value of that precious blood that was shed to save us? "Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor."

THE PLACE TO STUDY IT.

Only those who study this text in two places can fully reach its power, the Hold Land of Asia Minor and the holy land of heaven. How I should like some day to take a drink out of Jacob s well, and take a sail on Galilee, and read the Sermon on the Mount while standing on Olivet, and see the wilderness where Christ was tempted, and be some afternoon on Calvary, at about three o'clock, the hour at which closed the Crucifixion, and sit under the sycamores and by the side of brooks, and think and dream and pray about the poverty of Him who came our souls to save. But you and I will probably be denied that, so here, in another continent and in another hemisphere, and in scenes as different as possible, we recount as well we may, how poor our heavenly Prince became. And in the other holy land above, we may all study the riches that He left behind when He started for earthly expedition. Come, let us bargain to meet each other at the door of the Father's mansion, or on the bank of the river, just where it rolls from under the throne, or at the outside gate. Jesus got the contrast by exchanging that world for this; we will get it by exchanging this world for that. There and then you will understand more of the wonders of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, "though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor."

Yes, grace, free grace, sovereign grace. omnipotent grace. Among the thousands of words in the language, there is no more queenly word. It means free and unmerited kindness. My text has no monopoly of the word. One hundred and twenty-nine times does the Bible eulogize grace. It is a door swung wide open to let into the pardon of God all the millions who choose to enter it. John Newton sang of it:

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!"

Phillip Doddridge put it into all hymnology when he wrote:

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the world shall hear."

One of John Bunyan's great books is entitled. "Abounding grace." "It is all of grace that I am saved" has been on the lips of hundreds of dying Christians. *The boy Sammy* was right when, being examined for admission into church membership, he was asked: "Whose work was your salvation?" and he answered: "Part mine and part God's." Then the examiner asked: "What part did you do, Sammy?" and the answer was: "I opposed God all I could, and He did the rest!" O the height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the grace of God! Mr. Fletcher having written a pamphlet that pleased the king, he offered to compensate him, and Fletcher answered: "There is

ONLY ONE THING I WANT

and that is more grace." Yes, my blood-bought hearers, grace to live by and grace to die by. Grace that saved the publican, that saved Lydia, that saved the dying thief, that saved the jailer, that saved me. But the riches of that grace will not be fully understood until Heaven breaks in upon the soul.

An old Scotchman, who had been a soldier in one of the European wars, was sick and dying in one of our American hospitals. His one desire was to see Scotland and his old home, and once again walk the heather of the Highlands, and hear the bagpipes of the Scotch regiments. The night that the old Scotch soldier died, a young man, somewhat reckless, but kind-hearted, got a company of musicians to come and play under the old soldier's window, and among the instruments there was a bagpipe. The instant that the musicians began, the dying old man in delirium said: "What's that, what's that? Why, it's the regiments coming home. That's the tune, yes, that's the tune. Thank God, I have got home once more!" "Bonny Scotland and Bonny Doon," were the last words he uttered as he passed up to the highlands of the better country. And there are here to-day hundreds

HOMESICK FOR HEAVEN.

some because you have so many bereavements, some because you have so many temptations, some because you have so many ailments, homesick, very homesick, for the fatherland of heaven; and the music that you want to hear now is the song of free grace, and the music you want to hear when you die is free grace, and forever before the throne of God you will sing of the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though He was rich, for your sakes became poor!"

Yes, yes; for your sakes! It was not on pleasure excursion that He came, for it was all pain. It was not on exploration, for

HE KNEW THIS WORLD

as well before He alighted as afterward. It was not because He was compelled to come, for He volunteered. It was not because it was easy, for He knew it would be thorn and spike, and hunger and thirst and vociferation of angry mobs. For your sakes! Wipe away your tears. To forgive your wrongdoing, to companionship, your loneliness, to soothe your sorrows, to sit with you by the new-made grave, to bind up your wounds in the ugly battle with the world and bring you home at last, kindling up the mists that fall on your dying vision with the sunlight of a glorious morn. For your sakes! No; I will change that. Paul will not care, and Christ will not care, If I change it, for I must get into the blessedness of the text myself, and so I say; "For our sakes!" For we all have our temptations and bereavements and conflicts. For our sakes! We who deserve, for our sins, to be expatriated into a world as much poorer than this than this earth was poorer than heaven. For our sakes! But what

A FRUITFUL COMING DOWN

to take us gloriously up. When Artaxerxes was hunting, Tribazus, who was attending him, showed the king a rent in his garment. The king said: "How shall I mend it?" "By giving it to me," said Tribazus. Then the king gave him the robe, but commanded him never to wear it, as it would be inappropriate. See the startling and comforting fact: while our Prince throws off the habit, He not only allows us to wear it, but commands us to wear it, and it will become us well, and for the poverties of our spiritual state we may put on the splendors of heavenly regalement.

For our sakes! O, the personality of this religion! Not an abstraction, nor an arch under which we walk to behold elaborate masonry, not an ice-castle like that which Empress Elizabeth of Russia, over a hundred years ago, ordered constructed, winter with its trowel of crystal cementing the huge blocks that had been quarried from the frozen rivers of the North, but a father's house with a wide hearth crackling a hearty welcome. A religion of warmth and inspiration and light, and cheer, something we can take into our hearts and homes and business recreations and joys and sorrows. Not an unmanageable gift like the galley presented to Ptolemy, which required four thousand men to row, and its draught of water was so great that it could not come near the shore, but something you can run up any stream of annoyance, however shallow. Enrichment now, enrichment forever!

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!

for you are going in the wrong direction. While you are in a favorable mood for it, enter into life. Here, and just now, decide everything that makes for peace and heaven. Agassiz says that he has stood at one place in the Alps where he could throw a chip in the water in one direction, and it would roll on into the German Ocean, or he could throw a chip in the water in another direction, and it would reach the Black Sea by the Danube, or he could throw a chip in another direction, and it would enter the Mediterranean, by the Rhone. How far apart the Mediterranean and the Black Sea and the German Ocean! Standing to-day on this Alps of Gospel privilege, you can project your soul into the right currents. and it will roll on into the ocean of life, or project it in the wrong direction, and it will roll into the sea of death. But how far apart the two distances! May God help us to appreciate more and more the momentous meaning of our text!

The seven wise men of Greece were chiefly known each for one apophthegm: Solon for the saying, "Know thyself;" Periander for the saying, "Nothing is impossible to industry;" Chilo for the saying, "Consider the end;" Thales for the saying, "Suretyship is the precursor of ruin." And Paul, distinguished for a thousand utterances, might well afford to be memorable for the saying, "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich."

An Oil Romance.

A former Harrisburger who once held a State office and is now a resident of Philadelphia, was a lawyer by profession and, after leaving the service of the State, he settled in a county which was then greatly excited over the discovery of oil within its borders. Here he hung out his shingle and waited for clients. Sometimes they came, but often they didn't and his funds grew lower and lower until at last it was a question of bread and butter for him and his family. Sitting in his office one day with his head between his hands, cursing his hard luck and wondering whether life was worth living, not a cent in his pocket and nothing to eat, he was disturbed by the entrance of an acquaintance, who asked him to draw up an agreement relating to the lease of some land and the sinking of an oil well.

"I'll do it if you pay me," said the lawyer.

"Now, see here," said the man, "you know I have no ready money, but if you draw up these papers, I'll give you an interest in the well."

"I won't do it," said the lawyer, bluntly; "you have no money and are fast on the road to the poorhouse. No, I won't help you!"

"But you must," persisted the man; "you can do it. It won't cost you a cent, and you must do it. Go ahead now. If I lose, it is nothing out of your pocket. Draw up these papers, you've nothing else to do."

"Well, the lawyer, to get rid of the man, drew up the agreements and took as his pay an interest in the oil well.

What happened?

The oil well was a gusher and the thick, greasy fluid poured out over the derrick and made the poor devils who were putting down the well fairly howl with glee. The lawyer was on hand, just as excited as anybody else and the very first chance he get he sold out for $17,000 cash. With his money in his hand he hastened home and told his wife of his good fortune and they both rejoiced.

"And now, mother," said he to his wife, "let's get out of this."

And they lit out for Philadelphia.

A Mutual Surprise.

J. P. Bogard a pioneer wool-grower of Cal., a short time since had an occasion to visit one of his sheep camps in the mountains, about thirty miles east of Tehama. When he arrived at the camp, finding everything all right, he gave the herder a day off and remained at the camp alone. The cabin was built of logs and a shed extended over one end. In the evening Bogard killed a fine, fat sheep and hung it up under the shed. During the night he was awakened by what he supposed to be a dog eating his mutton. Quietly slipping out of bed in scanty raiment he procured a piece of board about four feet long and four inches wide. He tiptoed around the house with the intention of giving the dog a terrible surprise. Arriving at the spot he could, in the dim light, distinguish some object pulling at the mutton. He raised his board and brought it down with all his might upon the back of a grizzly bear. The bear gave an unearthly growl and sprang at Bogard who had already dropped his stick and was making for the door at a 2.40 gait. As Bogard jumped into the door his bearship succeeded in taking hold of his nether garments, which, being of light material, gave way and Bogard reached a place of safety. Bogard and his herder killed the bear the next day. It weighed about 800 pounds.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, OCT. 23, 1887.

Three Miracles.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 9 : 18-31. Memory verse, 23.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.*—1 Chron. 29 : 11.

LESSON TOPIC: *The King's Authority over Death.*

Lesson Outline: 1. Authority over Sickness, vs. 20-22. 2. Authority over Blindness, vs. 27-31. 3. Authority over Death, vs. 18, 19, 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT: *According to your faith be it unto you.*—Matt. 9 : 29.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 9 : 18-31. The King's authority over death.
T.—Mark 5 : 21-43. Mark's parallel narrative.
W.—Luke 8 : 41-56. Luke's parallel narrative.
T.—Luke 7 : 11-17. Authority over death.
F.—John 11 : 33-46. Authority over death.
S.—John 10 : 1-18. Power over life and death.
S.—1 Cor. 15 : 1-20. Death vanquished.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. AUTHORITY OVER SICKNESS.

I. A Needy Sufferer:

A woman, who had an issue of blood twelve years (20).
A woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years (Luke 13 : 11).
A certain man,....thirty and eight years in his infirmity (John 5 : 5).
He saw a man blind from his birth (John 9 : 1).
A cripple from his mother's womb, who never had walked (Acts 14 : 8).

II. A Wise Act:

Came behind him, and touched the border of his garment (20).
They brought unto him all that were sick,....and he healed them (Matt. 4 : 24).
Many followed him; and he healed them all (Matt: 12 : 15).
Them that had need of healing he healed (Luke 9 : 11).
Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out (John 6 : 37).

III. A Splendid Result:

The woman was made whole from that hour (22).
It was restored whole, as the other (Matt. 12 : 13).
Her daughter was healed from that hour (Matt. 15 : 28).
She felt in her body that she was healed (Mark 5 : 29).
And they,....returning to the house found the servant whole (Luke 7 : 10).

1. "Came behind him, and touched the border of his garment." (1) An humble approach; (2) A trembling touch; (3) A splendid success.
2. "She said,....if I do but touch.... I shall be made whole." (1) The condition of blessing; (2) The completeness of blessing.—(1) The simple means; (2) The satisfactory result.
3. "Thy faith hath made thee whole." (1) Faith as a condition of wholeness; (2) Wholeness as a result of faith.

II. AUTHORITY OVER BLINDNESS.

I. An Importunate Cry:

Have mercy on us, thou son of David (27).
Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David (Matt. 15 : 22).
Lord, have mercy on us, thou son of David (Matt. 20 : 30).
Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me (Mark 10 : 47).
Master, master we perish (Luke 8 : 24).

II. A Searching Question:

Believe ye that I am able to do this? (28).
Believest thou? (John 1 : 50).
Do thou believe on the son of God? (John 9 : 35).
Believest thou not I am in the Father? (John 14 : 10).
Do ye now believe (John 16 : 31).

III. A Rich Reward:

Their eyes were opened (30).
Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened (Isa. 35 : 5).
Jesus....touched their eyes:....they received their sight (Matt. 20 : 34).
Their eyes were opened, and they knew him (Luke 24 : 31).
Whereas I was blind, now I see (John 9 : 25).

1. "Have mercy on us, thou son of David." (1) The Lord's standing recognized; (2) The Lord's mercy sought.
2. "According to your faith be it done unto you." (1) Faith the measure of blessing; (2) Blessing the outcome of faith.
3. "They went forth, and spread abroad his name in all that land." (1) Their new found joy; (2) Their wide-spread proclamation.

III. AUTHORITY OVER DEATH.

I. The Dead Child:

My daughter is even now dead (18)
Is the child dead? And they said, He is dead (2 Sam. 12 : 19).
I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again (1 Kings 17 : 21).
He sat on her knees till noon, and then died (2 Kings 4 : 20).
There was carried out one that was dead (Luke 7 : 12).

II. The Present Friend:

Jesus came into the ruler's house (23).
A very present help in trouble (Psa. 46 : 1).
When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee (Isa. 43 : 2).
Lo, I am with you always (Matt. 28 : 20).
The Lord stood by me, and strengthened me (2 Tim. 4 : 17).

III. The Omnipotent Helper:

He....took her by the hand: and the damsel arose (25).
Even the winds and the sea obey him (Matt. 8 : 27).
All authority hath been given unto me Matt. 28 : 18).
The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God (John 5 : 25).
Lazarus, come forth. He that was dead came forth (John 11 : 43, 44).

1. "Come and lay thy hand upon her, and she shall live." (1) The dead daughter; (2) The believing father; (3) The supreme Lord.—(1) The father's request; (2) The father's confidence.
2. "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." (1) Death disclaimed; (2) Sleep affirmed.
3. "The damsel arose." (1) From death; (2) To life; (3) Through Christ.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

RESTORATIONS TO LIFE.

The widow's son at Zarephath (1 Kings 17 : 17-24).
The Shunammite's son (2 Kings 4 : 18-37).
The man at Elisha's grave (2 Kings 13 : 20, 21).
Jarius's daughter (Matt. 9 : 23-26; Mark 5 : 35-43).
The widow's son at Nain (Luke 7 : 11-17).
Lazarus (John 11 : 33-44).
Saints at Christ's resurrection (Matt. 27 : 52, 53).
Dorcas (Acts 9 : 36-42).
Eutychus (Acts 20 : 7-12).

Resurrection of Jesus (Matt. 28 : 1-6, Mark 16 : 1-6; Luke 24 : 1-7; John 20 : 1, 2, 11-16; 1 Cor. 15 : 1-8, 20).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

As already intimated (see on Lesson 3), the feast at the house of Matthew (Matt. 9 : 10-17) immediately followed our Lord's return from the Gadarene country. All three evangelists join this feast directly with the call of Matthew; Mark and Luke placing the call in its proper position, Matthew himself deferring mention of the call until the later mention of the feast.

This curious arrangement makes the chronological question an interesting and somewhat involved one. The main points can, however, be readily perceived. Matthew distinctly states that the ruler came while our Lord was speaking to the disciples of John about fasting (v. 18). All three evangelists indicate that this discourse took place at the house of Matthew on the occasion of the feast (Matt. 9 : 14; Mark 2 : 18; Luke 5 : 33). But Mark (Mark 5 : 22) and Luke (Luke 8 : 41) plainly intimate that Jairus came shortly after the return from the Gadarene country. These two evangelists have simply transferred the account of the feast and subsequent discourse to the time when Matthew (Levi) was called,—a very natural transposition. On the other hand, Matthew has transferred the call (and the healing of the paralytic which it followed) to the time of the feast; namely, after the return to Capernaum from the Gadarene country.

The date would be in the autumn or early winter of 781, A. D. 28, and the place was evidently Capernaum. The third miracle recorded in this lesson (vs. 27-31) may, it is true, have been wrought at some other place; yet "into the house" (v. 28) might refer to our Lord's usual place of residence, in Capernaum.

THE STABLE CURE.

Constant Companionship with a Horse an Excellent Remedy for Consumption.

I was not a little startled at meeting on the street recently in the best of health apparently an old acquaintance whom I had supposed to be filling a consumptive's grave long ere this. The last time that I heard of him was about a year ago, and then he had been given up by doctors as a hopless case.

In answer to my inquiries he told me that he determined to put in practice a plan of his own. Accordingly he journeyed by easy stages to the Blue Mountains region of Virginia, where he established himself in a farmhouse, and bought a horse. He spent the whole day in the open air, taking care of the steed himself, and riding him about the neighborhood. At first his weakness was such that he could not stay in the saddle more than fifteen or twenty minutes at a time and he had to pull up very soon if the horse broke into a trot. Every day, however, he became a little stronger, and in a couple of months he was able to ride ten or twenty miles on a stretch with very little fatigue. He attributed his recovery in part to the fact that he not only rode, but groomed his horse and busied himself an hour or two in the stable every day.

In this opinion he confirmed what I remember hearing an old physician say years and years ago, namely that a "horse barn," as he called it, is one of the healthiest places in the world.

A Superstition of the Chinese.

I saw a Chinaman burning paper in his doorway recently when I chanced to be passing his house late at night, in a back street in Brooklyn, and I had the cariosity the next day to ask an explanation from an intelligent Christianized Mongolian. He said that devout Celestials, particularly those who have just arrived from China, always burn paper in each doorway of the house before retiring at night. They believe that the progenitors of the present Chinese dynasty were dissatisfied with the Chinese customs which grew up at the close of their dynasty, of permitting aliens to enter the Flowery Kingdom, and attribute the success of the Tartars to the cusiom. To mark their displeasure they placed in the sky a star of death-dealing influence, which, if it should shine into their doors or upon the floors ten nights in succession, would cause the death of all who inhabit the house. Red, which to the Chinese mind typifies all that is good and righteous, is the antidote; hence the red curtains hung before every Chinese house and laundry. Fire, which produces a red light, expels the demons, hence the customs of burning paper in doorways.

The Swedish and Danish Governments have decided to lay down a new submarine cable between their respective countries. The cable, which will consist of four wires, will be from Helsingborg to Elsinore and by the island of Hveen.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

CENTRE HALL, PA., October 20, 1887

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

GOOD ADVICE

KEEP COOL!

and buy at

Bartholomews' Store,

Cheapest Store in Centre County.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——J. C. Harper, lately quite ill, is able to be out again.

——Rev. Fischer distinguished himself on Tuesday by shooting a pheasant.

——A party of hunters alighted from Monday morning's train, intending to strike for Colyer's.

——Wm. Colyer, of Tusseyville, manufactures nail keg heads, and makes frequent shipments of the same.

——Prof. W. Frank Rearick, of Spring Mills, organized a class in instrumental music at this place and is giving our band a few pointers.

——An infallible way to shoot deer is to throw salt on the animal's tail, and shoot immediately. This fall's hunters can try this and find it O. K.

——Mrs. Ludwig, wife of Joseph Ludwig, of this place, is lying ill at her fathers, at Selingsgrove, whither she went on a visit a few weeks ago.

——The farm of Wm. Harter, dec'd, 100 acres, near Aaronsburg, was sold to Jacob Moyer, for $85 per acre. This is one of the best farms in that section.

——Work is being rapidly pushed on the new Presbyterian church, in this place, with a view to its completion, if possible, before the close of the year.

——Yony Deininger dug a short ditch over the water pipes, front of his new house, when asked what he was digging there for, Yony said he wanted to build a house.

——Sam Lewins, the popular clothing dealer, of Bellefonte, was in town bright and early on Monday morning. He is a successful merchant and believes in liberal advertising.

——Dr. Jacobs invested some of his spare cash in a brand new E. flat horn. He takes a great interest in the new band and thinks in a short time will come out in fine style.

——Ellis Hosterman is still bedfast from the hemorrhages which he had a short time ago, and shows no signs of improving. He has his home with his brother, Alfred Hosterman, near Centre Hill.

——Hunting parties are starting for the mountains after deer, but have heard of no venison thus far. A party from White Deer, Union Co., went through here by train the other day, bound for the Clearfield woods.

——Try it: A Huntingdon county farmer saved his hogs from cholera by giving them each a blue mass pill rolled in chop. His neighbors' hogs died and he saved his as stated. He got the prescription from an old German doctor."

——Messrs. Jas. A. McClain and D. R. Foreman of Bellefonte, paid us a short visit last press day and saw us getting out our regular issue for the mail. We suppose McClain was around stirring up the Democratic roosters for a grand crow in November.

——Messrs. Wit McCormick and Jake From, last Sunday, visited the scene of the Culvey murder and brought along a large photo of the home and meadow where the bodies of the parents were found. These pictures are sold by old man Culvey—for the support of the child.

——Farmers should remember that when potatoes get so near wheat price, as they were a week ago, it is best to sell, for it will be found that many, in such cases, will prefer bread to potatoes, which will check the consumption of the latter, with its corresponding effect on prices.

——Stover & Mot's marble yard, at Bellefonte, is doing business now on an enlarged scale, and at prices that defy all competition. Their stock of marble embraces the finest and best European and American, and the monuments, tombstones, etc., turned out by them have no superior for elegance in workmanship.

——The show at Bellefonte on Friday drew a large crowd from all sections. Early in the morning, before we ventured from our roost, wagons commenced to pass through town all bound for the same place,—Barnums great show. Many went afoot and others by train and no one wanted to get there later than 10 a. m. in the morning to see the parade, any how, if they could not get to the performance in the afternoon. Well, this is a free country and if a free parade comes along the street it is no one's business if you look at it or not.

——On last Sabbath morning Rev. James Arney filled Rev. Fischer's pulpit, in this place, and preached a learned discourse upon the theme of simplicity in instruction of the young mind, and showing the folly of attempting to build up knowledge by first leading the beginner into abstruse doctrines and theories, and aptly made his sermon applicable to the theological and spiritual training of the young. Rev. Arney is a son of Jacob Arney, dec'd, of this town, and has for a number of years been pastor of a Presbyterian charge in the west. In the evening he filled Rev. Land's pulpit in the Reformed church, at this place.

CONCATENATED HORSESCRAPE.

Our neighbor of the *Watchman*, it appears, had an old family piece, in the shape of a horse, which was prized as an heir-loom, and possibly goes by the name of Methuselah, yet is able enough to be useful and earn his own oats. Bro. Meek, in his kindness of heart, put the animal with Mr. Beezer, of Bellefonte, to earn its board—or oats. Mr. Beezer, after having Bucephelus at his crib for a period, sold him to Mr. M'Cully, the livery man. Our boss horsedealer, Will Ruble, who never fails to scent a bargain in horse-flesh, learned of the valuable piece of horse-flesh with Mr. M'Cully, and true to his trade, William bought the *meek* animal and brought it to Centre Hall, and feels highly honored in having the noble roadster to clatter his hoofs over our streets and through our alleys. By this time Bro. Meek gets to learn of the wanderings and vicissitudes of his favorite steed, and on the wings of the telephone informs Bill Ruble that the horse he got from M'Cully, and M'Cully from Beezer, and Beezer from Meek for his oats, is still claimed by him, Meek, as his property in fee simple, and demanding the return of the beloved critter. Mr. Ruble, who got the nag from M'Cully, who got it from Beezer, who got it from Meek, takes time by the forelock, as all shrewd dealers in horse-flesh will do and trades the hoss off to some other fellow. Mr. Meek, naturally didn't like the farther wanderings of his steed, and again telephones Mr. Ruble that he will hold him responsible for the horse, having parted with him after due notice.

Where this will now end, we can tell after learning the sequel, in this concatenation of events in the life of the hoss that Meek gave to Beezer, that Beezer gave to M'Cully, that M'Cully, gave to Ruble, that Ruble gave to —— ——. May that hoss be permitted to end his days in peace, and the lawyers raise a monument over his remains as a benefactor of the bar.

This hoss, of course is valuable yet—for when Will Ruble can't trade off a hoss, then bet your last chestnut, ther's nothing in the critter anymore.

A COLD BATH.

On Friday afternoon, last, while returning home from Barnum's show, two young ladies of our town, Miss Maggie Rishel and Miss Beula Brisbin, got an unexpected fresh water bath, which came nigh resulting in a case of drowning. The road was well taken up with vehicles returning from the show, and these two ladies occupied a buggy by themselves. Reaching the dam at Valentine's they tried to pass some of the rigs in front of theirs and drove too close to the brink of the dam, and likely by mismanagement of the lines, horse, buggy and occupants, went over the bank right where one of the large springs empties into the dam. The depth of the water is about 12 feet at this point. Luckily there were many others on the road, who at once hurried to the rescue, and Miss Brisbin was about sinking for the third time, when she was reached. Miss Rishel was also rescued before sinking. The hats, wraps of the ladies and the robes floated off, but were also obtained. The horse swam out, leaving the buggy badly used up. The ladies were taken to a house, close by and cared for, and no doubt will long remember the chilling effects of the icy spring water and their narrow escape from drowning. We believe no further serious results have followed this cold bath, as the young ladies are able to be about again.

THE FOURTH TICKET.

On Wednesday afternoon members of the Union Labor party met in the Court House and put a county ticket in the field, which is as follows:

Associate Judge, J. Miles Green, Milesburg; Sheriff, George F. Derr, Boggs township; Treasurer, Thomas M. Way, of Half Moon, Register, James H. Murphy, of Taylor township; Recorder, George W. Young, Milesburg; Commissioners, Geo. R. Speigelmyer, of Gregg township, and John I. Thompson, of Huston township; Auditors, Andrew Gregg, of Potter township and William A. Krise, of Gregg township. It will be noticed that the Union Laborers have chosen a candidate for auditor from both the Republican and Democratic tickets, which will probably help them to elect somebody. Theodore P. Bynder was made chairman of the County committee.

THE POTATO BOOM.

Last week the bottom to the potato boom commenced weakening, and prices went down 10 to 15 cents. As high as 65 and 70 cents were offered farmers, and in consequence thousands of bushels were shipped from this valley. Agents busily canvassed all parts of the valley and the competition caused prices to go up, much to the benefit of the farmer. But so many were bought up that dealers were soon overstocked and the "wild hunt" for potatoes wilted, bringing down prices. Some farmers thinking that prices would go still higher, would not sell, and may thereby have lost their opportunity. At the outset of the "campaign" potatoes sold for 40 cents per bushel.

PHILIPSBURG'S LIQUOR BILL.

We are told that the keepers of bars in Philipsburg, this county, recently agreed to keep an account of the income at those places for liquor sold, during one month and that the sum total showed the amount thus spent footed up $1500. This is a handsome sum of money to drop in that way in a town of 3000 population. Philipsburg is a bright town, and being in a bituminous coal centre, has a large mining population within a circle of ten miles, which seeks that town for a trading point, hence much of the money spent of liquor comes from the miners.

A VILLAGE RAVAGED BY TYPHOID FEVER.

Detroit, Oct. 17.—Iron Mountain, a prosperous village in Menoninee county, near the Wisconsin border, has been nearly depopulated by typhoid fever. Nearly everybody is sick, and there are a dozen funerals a day. The local physicians are sick, and medical aid has been summoned from Chicago.

FIRE AT MILLHEIM.

Millheim, Pa. Oct. 16.—Elias Luse & Son's planing mill was burned yesterday at noon. Loss about $1,000; no insurance. Most of the machinery and the finished work on hand, such as doors, sashes, &c., were saved.

"Sellers' Liver Pills" have been the standard remedy for malaria, liver complaint, costiveness, etc., for fifty years.

NEWS FROM COBURN.

Bartges & Son have retired from the grain business and sold their stock to M. J. Decker, of Georges Valley. Mr. Decker purchased the grain house also and will carry on the business with Mr. W. O. Rairick as manager.

The brick layers have a fair start on the wall of the new church and expect to complete their job in about three weeks if the weather is favorable.

The stillhouse is in running order again and slop is plenty and you can very easily tell when they are in operation.

Our Station Agent sold some fifty excursion tickets on Friday, for Barnum's big show at Bellefonte, some of the boys had a gay time.

On Tuesday afternoon John Stonebraker's child died. It was in delicate health for some time.

Our two millinery shops are doing a booming business at present. Miss Jennie Stahlecker is carrying on the dress making business and has more than she can do.

Yesterday as the down freight was switching a car of prop timber out of a siding above Coburn, George Mench had his left hand caught and had his middle finger smashed.

This morning Sheriff Walker took John Cummings to Danville to the asylum to have him examined. By spells he is quite deranged. O. K.

Coburn, Oct. 18, 1887.

GOING TO DAKOTA.

"Yes, if the people of Pennsylvania like corporation and whisky ring rule that is the kind of rule they like and they ought to have it," said Charles S. Wolfe, the Union county reformer, yesterday, to the Stroller. "I don't like it and I am going to shake the Pennsylvania dust off my feet as soon as possible." Mr Wolfe, was in the city on business, expects to leave home next week for a trip to Dakota, where he has already made large investments in land. He expects to establish himself in law business, in Bismarck, but may not move his family to that place for a few years until his children who are now at school and in college have graduated. He announces his positive determination, however, of making Dakota his future home, where he will try the experiment of growing up with the country. —*The "Stroller," in the Phila. Times.*

Mr. Wolfe left on Monday for Dakota, where, we understand, he has already purchased twelve hundred acres of land; six hundred being a little over a mile from Bismarck, the capital.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGES.

Washington, October 18.—A convention of representatives of the agricultural colleges and experiment stations of the several States met this morning in the library of the Department of Agriculture. The call for the convention was made by President George W. Atherton, of the State College of Pennsylvania, for the purpose of affording opportunity for a full consultation as to the best methods of fulfilling the requirements of the Hatch bill, passed at the last session of Congress, and for the discussion of such practical questions in agriculture as may be brought up.

SIFTINGS.

Jack frost is around every morning with a white beard.

Farmers are husking corn—the crop is in good condition.

The Bald Eagle Valley railroad company was authorized by act of Feb. 26 1852, and the L. C. & S. C. by act of April 12, same year.

The first ark launched successfully on Penns Creek was built by Thomas Treaster, in 1807, at Spring Mills.

The sale of the farm of Wm. Emerick, dec'd was postponed to Nov. 13.

Rev. Fischer, on invitation preaches to a Baltimore congregation next Sabbath.

All the stylish dress cloths and Coats.—Garmans.

Dress goods and fine trimming braids.—Garmans.

A handsome lace Curtain for 1.35 a pair.—Garmans.

——Weather has been remarkably fine up to Thursday.

——Wm. Colyer has purchased a new ten horse power traction engine, which he may use for running his keg-head factory.

——The wheat fields look well and we hear of no ravages by the fly as yet; suppose the frosty mornings are not congenial to the pest.

——Electric light was turned on at the State College recently and is furnished to every student in the building for $3 per term, or $9 for the College year.

——Suits made to order, at the Philadelphia Branch, where one of the best tailors in the state is employed. Satisfaction guaranteed as to prices and fit.

——The license dodge against Grove may be found to work two ways, gentlemen of the Republican mud throwing brigade, and one way will be that you put your foot in it badly.

——Dr. Fisher, of Zion, while at Barnum's show on Friday, had a slight wound inflicted upon his arm by an accidental shot. His arm will remain steady enough to vote the Democratic ticket in November.

——The opposition have indulged in every species of lies to injure the Democratic county nominees, and now are attempting a petty game of lic-cense against our nominee for associate judge.

——The tailoring establishment connected with the Philad. Branch is overrun with orders for suits, and it now employs more hands than any other establishment in the county. The suits made by them under the best satisfaction, and the prices are found lower than elsewhere. This accounts for the rush they have there.

——What steps will be taken to prevent the board walk to the station from being covered by snow drifts during the approaching winter? This is a matter that should be given thought now, as the walk is likely to be useless during the six months of the year when it is of most use.

——Please call and examine our large stock of cloths and cassimeres suitable for any garment in Men's wear—a full assortment of Overcoats "READY MADE" The largest line of Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods in the county—all work guaranteed to fit or no sale."

MONTGOMERY & Co.

Brockerhoff Row & Humes Block.

REBERSBURG ITEMS.

The United Brethren held their quarterly Conference here over Sunday. Presiding Elder Shearer was present and is an able minister. The meeting was largely attended.

We have a case of scarlet fever, Mrs. Kerstetter. She was quite poorly, but with some hopes of recovery.

The Spring Mills Creamery paid in cash in Miles township almost 90 dollars for cream for the month of Sept., besides what butter was sold. A good many do not have the water fixed for the cans yet.

The farmers are busy husking corn and some are done, and the corn crop is good.

Commissioner Wolf takes the prize this year. He has the best corn in the Twp. He sold a valuable team one day last week. ***

AARONSBURG JOTTINGS.

George Mensch, of Millheim, a brakeman of the Pennsvalley freight, had his left hand badly injured while shifting cars.

Dr. P. T. Musser's health having much improved, he can again be seen on the road driving "old dolly."

The grammar school has again opened with eleven pupils in attendance.

Aaronsburg is represented at Bellefonte by carpenters, masons, plasterers and laborers.

Miss Clara Shurtz, who has been staying for nearly three years with her sister, Mrs. Rev. Yearick, started for Kansas on Tuesday afternoon.

Amanda Acker moved to front street to her sister Mollie Miller. Howard Acker now occupies the homestead.

Samuel A. Boozer bought a tract of 5 acres from Michael Harper and will erect buildings on it. There is an orchard of apple trees on it.

On the 13 inst., at the parsonage, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, Mr. Elias Bressler, of Miles township, to Miss Candace Bower, of Haines township.

MILLHEIM ITEMS.

On last Saturday, shortly after dinner, the alarm of fire was given, and we immediately closed our place of business and ran with the crowd which led us to Ellis Lose & Son's planing mill which was on fire. The two large buildings were quickly enveloped in flames which had already made considerable headway, and it was soon found that trying to save the buildings was useless, and everybody went to work to save the machinery, and lumber. Everything was taken out excepting a few shutters and some small tools. With the long rope and hook, belonging to the Hook & Ladder Co, the heavy machinery was all saved. Their loss is estimated a $1500, with no insurance.

The planing mill took fire from the stove pipe.

Considerable petty stealing has been going on here of late, on account of which some of our young Americans left very suddenly for healthier climates.

After a short spell of sickness a daughter of Daniel Geary, living on North St., died last Saturday. She was about 12 years old. The funeral took place on Monday following at 10 o'clock.

A singular affair occurred August 24, 1859, at Linn & M'Coy's rolling mill. A man named Daniel Ihre thrust both his hands between the blades of the sheares, and in a moment both hands were cut off at the wrists. He was from Clearfield, and said he had heard of these large sheares at home, and walked to the forge for the purpose of cutting his hands off. He said they had offended against God and man, and he was afraid he would be tempted by the devil to commit murder. He had already suffered imprisonment in the penitentiary on account of his hands, they having stolen horses against his will, for which he was tried and convicted at Lock Haven. When his coat was removed, it was found he had wound a handkerchief tightly around each arm, between the elbow and wrist, for the purpose of stopping the blood.

This is an old bit of news, but being of so singular a nature, we republish it for the benefit of the REPORTER'S readers.

GREAT FIRE IN CHINA.

ONE THOUSAND PERSONS LOSE THEIR LIVES IN HANKOW.

San Francisco, October 17.—The additional details of the disastrous fire at Hankow received this morning by steamship Rio de Janeiro give the number of lives lost as 1,000 and the value of the droperty destroyed as 2,000,000 taels.

Toboggan Caps.—Garmans.

Braid Setts, Panels, Buttons, Gimpst—Garmans.

Camels Hair Underwear and woolhose.—Garmans.

——Read Powers advertisement in another colum.

Black goods, Henriettes, Cashmer cloths and all the noveltics.—Garmans.

Shawls and Coats.—Garmans.

——Newton Hosterman, of Michigan, arrived here Tuesday. He is a brother of Alfred and Ellis Hosterman.

——Did you see the fine line of parlor stoves at Reeseman's? He has some of the finest made and at rock bottom prices.

——Rev. Fischer will not fill his regular appointments for Sunday, 23d, as he expects to supply a pulpit in Baltimore on that day.

——The triumph of the Republicans in this county would mean a new courthouse in the near future. Taxpayers, think before you vote.

——The freight on shipments from and to the Centre Hall roller flouring mills amount to over six thousand dollars per year. A pretty nice plum for the railroad company.

——A jolly party composed of the youngsters of town besieged the home of Mr. and Mrs. Simon Harper, on Monday evening, the occasion being the birthday of their son Harry. The little folks enjoyed themselves immensely, and all seemed to be of the opinion that birthdays should come oftener.

——Lewin's now has immense piles of ready-made clothing, new stock, for fall and winter, just received. For a ready-made suit, call at the Philad. Branch and you save money. If you want a suit made to order, the Philad. Branch is just the place to have your measure taken for a good fit and low prices.

BATTLE WITH A BEAR IN A CORN FIELD.

On Saturday at noon Mr. Benjamin Gentzel, of Zion, had a most thrilling adventure with a bear, which terminated in a victory for Mr. Gentzel and the death of Bruin. Mr. Gentzel's home is in Nittany Valley beyond Nye Bank just on the path leading from Nittany to Muncy mountains. On Saturday a bear started out to make this trip, taking a near cut through a corn field which is in gun-shot distance from Mr. G's home.

Mr. Gentzel was in the field at the time and had his gun with him, though likely he was not expecting such big game. As soon as the bear was near enough, Mr. Gentzel took aim and rapidly sent two or three loads of buckshot into his bearship's hide. The animal stopped, looked around and when he saw who had given him such an unpleasant reception went for Mr. Gentzel in lively style. Had he caught him Mr. Gentzel would have been hugged more energetically than ever before. Mr. G. sprang quickly behind a huge stack of cornstalks and yelled for help as he knew friends were not far off. Meanwhile, he tried to disable the bear by giving him another taste of the contents of the gun. Among those who put in appearance and attracted the attention of the bear, which was angry and suffering pain, was Henry Gentzel, a brother of the first mentioned Bruin run at Henry and took one of his legs in his powerful jaws, and might have crushed it had not Benjamin struck the animal a powerful blow on the back with the butt of the gun, breaking the bear's back and also damaging the gun.

The bear is a monster, says the Daily *News*.

HERE AND THERE.

Columbia yarns, Germantown Saxony, German knitting and Spanish yarn.—Garmans.

Century Cloth, Ginghams and Blue Calicoes.—Garmans.

Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' Coats at all prices.—Garmans.

——Mr. Snook, one of Millheim's merchants, is quite ill.

——Our merchants will soon receive their new fall and winter goods.

——A fine magnetic pad, for rheumatism, etc., for sale at Murray's drug store. tf.

——Rev. S. L. Stiver writes us from Bunker Hill, Ill., that potatoes sell at $1 per bu. there.

——L. B. Stover has opened a general store in the Shafer stand, at Madisonburg, and is doing a brisk business.

——Pinegrove Mills lost one of its school houses by fire, last week, supposed to have been caused by a tramp.

——Cool weather is setting in and you want a fall overcoat. To get one cheap go to Lewins, at the Philad. Branch.

——Millheim's cider press is running out the juice to the tune of 6 barrels per hour, up in the Narrows, where it is run by water power.

——Get your ready made clothing a the Philadelphia Branch, and you will not be imposed upon and save money besides. Lewins always deals fairly, and sells lowest in the county.

——Charles Bollinger, our next door neighbor, has made arrangements to move to Altoona in a short time, where he enters one of the smith shops of the Penn'a railroad company.

——A Mr. Swartz, of Nittany valley, we learn, was one of the victims of the Bohemian oats swindle to the tune of $500. Shame, that any of our people should be willing to be tools for swindling a neighbor.

——Luse's planing mill which was destroyed by fire the other day, at Millheim, it is said, could have been saved had there not been a scarcity of water, and that a few buckets of water convenient would have sufficed to arrest the flames.

——For the information of our subscribers we would say that all credits for money paid on subscription are made on the addresses the first week in each month. Money received after the 1st week will be found credited the 1st week of the following month.

——The Lock Haven market, a few days ago, ran as follows: Potatoes 75c, apples 40c, cider $3.00 per barrel, butter 20c to 22c per pound, eggs, 20c to 22c per dozen, chickens 50c to 60c per pair, cabbage 5c to 10c, lettuce three heads for 5c, peppers 15c per dozen, corn 50c per bushel.

—— Kreamer's Millheim hotel is offered for rent. The present landlord, Shafer, thinks of going west. Bill Musser might take it and run it in connection with his, as a branch hotel. Since licenses have been refused in that territory, we suppose hotel keepers find their exchequers a little at low water mark.

——The grain house at Coburn, formerly occupied by Grenoble & Bartges, and recently owned by Maj. Reynolds, has been purchased by Michael J. Decker, of Potter's Mills, for $5500, which includes dwelling and railroad siding. Mr. Will Rearick, son-in-law of Mr. Decker, will have the management of the business of the grain house.

——J. Kyle McFarlane & Co., request us to say that the 600 stoves are not quite all sold yet although they are going fast; and they invite everybody who visits Bellefonte to call at their store, whether they wish to buy or not and inspect the immense assortment of stoves and everything else they have to greet the eye. Everything cheap and the best.

——Information received here from Dr. Alexander speaks of his reaching relatives at Abilene, where Mrs. Alexander was rather worse from the journey, and they remained over a few days for a rest. After continuing through Kansas there was an accident to the train, which threw it off the track, the shock of which was very trying to Mrs. Alexander in her feeble condition. No one hurt, however.

——Sheriff Spangler has returned from his Clarion county cattle trip, and was fortunate enough to sell nearly all his stock before he reached the borders of old Centre, as he only had 13 cows left when he reached his home here. The Sheriff can tell interesting experiences between grub in the Clarion region and the rich and fat things so common in Penns valley. For seven days he, Reuben and Mr. Rankin, travelled around without striking a meal that had meat on its bill of fare; at one place they were regaled with a new kind of soup, made of green tomatoes, cabbage and potatoes—it soon after turned Rankin's stomach. The Sheriff was willing to put up with it all, as he thinks it gave Rube an idea of the difference between grub abroad and grub at home.

WILLIAMSPORT'S BIG FIRE.

SEVERAL LARGE MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS TOTALLY DESTROYED.

Williamsport, October 15.—Fire this morning burned the finishing room and wareroom of Kline Brothers & Co., furniture manufacturers; the large frame building owned by the Novelty Mill Company and occupied by that company, J. O. Rodgers & Co. and Scully & Hotchkin as a planing mill, sash and blinds factory, etc., and a brick building owned by E. Powell and occupied by E. Gundrum & Co's planing mill. All the buildings and contents were wholly destroyed. The following are the losses and insurance: Kline, Brothers & Co., about $13,000, insurance $6,000; Novelty Mill Company, insurance $19,000, fully covering the loss; J. C. Rogers & Co., $6,000, insurance $4,700; Scully & Hotchkiss, loss, $9,000, insurance $6,000; F. Powell, loss partially covered by $1,000 insurance; E. Gundrum, loss pretty well covered by $1,500 insurance. The fire is thought to have been of incendiary origin. Over 100 men are thrown out of employment.

THE GRAIN MARKET.

Wheat at Centre Hall, Spring Mills and Coburn, 75 for new and 80 for old Corn in ear, 35.

Philadelphia, 81 and 82 for good wheat Oats 35 and 36. Corn 53. Creamery butter, 24. Eggs, 21. Hay, 85 and 95 per 100. Straw, 85 and 90 per 100.

Millheim is in a pitiable plight: It has no whiskey to get on a bender; no beer to quench ones thirst, and no water to put out a fire. The latter may be caused by Providence and the first two by Judge Furst. If in all this death the Judge does not have pity enough to give them license next year, then they will have nothing at all to put out a fire down there.

Gloves and Ruchings.—Garmans.

Shawls, Coats and Wraps.—Garmans.

Pink, Blue, Cream, Cardinal and Black Quilted Satin.—Garmans

MARRIED.

Oct. 13, 1887, by Rev. Z. A. Yearick, at Aaronsburg, Mr. Elias Bressler and Miss Candace M. Bower, both of Haines Twp.

DIED.

Roy Milton, son of John and Emma Stonebreaker, at Coburn, Centre Co., Pa. on the 11th inst. at the age of 9 mo. and 2 days.

TIMBERLAND.—THE UNDERSIGNED HAS a tract of timberland, about five miles from Coburn station, on which are about 350 thousand feet of heavy Oak timber, which he offers at private sale. Other timberland near by. For further information, apply to

J. J. Gramley,
1mo. Rebersburg, Pa.

DO YOU WANT

To get a New Pair of Boots?

Go to Power's.

A Pair of Fine Shoes?

Go to Power's.

Shoes for your Children?

Go to Power's.

If you are in need of anything in the line of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Overshoes, or anything in the shape of foot wear, Go to Power's Shoe Store for it.

W—H—Y?

Because it is the Best and Cheapest Shoe Store in Centre county.

H. H. Schroyer,

ON 6 BISHOP ST., BELLEFONTE,

Has got in his fall stock of

OIL CLOTHS,

all widths, styles and prices.

—L—E—N—O—L—E—U—M—S—

for office, vestibules, halls, kitchens, &c

He would be glad to have all drop in to take a look at his goods, provided the weather is fair. If, however, it should happen to be raining he will leave on his front step one of the best DOOR MATS, to wipe the mud off your shoe, and his nice and novel umbrella stands in which to place that ever-losable umbrella.

GRAIN.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 80	Oats	$ 25
Wheat, white	75	Rye	45
Corn, shelled	45	Barley, No. 1	50

Barley, No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weigh and price.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 45	Bran per ton	16 00
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 35	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	18 50	" retail per cwt	1 25

COAL MARKET,

Broken	$5.00
Egg	5.00
Stove	5.25
Small Stove	5.25
Chestnut	5.00
Pea	3.40
Woodland	4.00
Soft	2.75

The above prices are for cash or grain only.

KURTZ & SON